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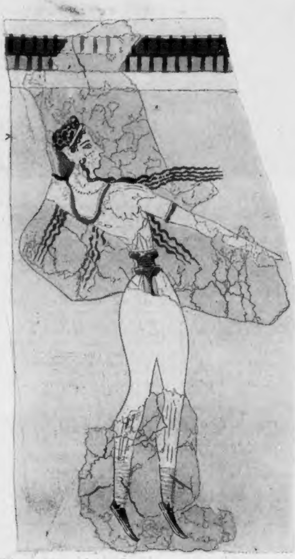
Newest Discoveries at Knossos



A Girl Bull-Leaper, Wearing the Metal Girdle Which Was Riveted On Minoan Children at an Early Age to Produce Their Disproportionately Slender Waists.

Interesting Ideas of the Life Beyond the Grave by an Ancient People Who Thought of Human Souls as Butterflies, and Riveted Metal Bands Around Their Children So They Would Grow Up With "Wasp-Waists"

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

THE Minoans, the ancient inhabitants of the island of Crete, some of whose interesting customs were described in the preceding number of this magazine, was one of the first civilized races to teach that man has an immortal soul. They believed that the soul's good and evil deeds were weighed in the balance after death, and that its happiness or sorrow in the world beyond the grave depended upon the result of this weighing.

Sir Arthur Evans, the distinguished English archeologist, who has been carrying on the excavations at Knossos, once the great city of the Minoans, discovered this, and discusses it in his latest volume on "The Palace of Minos at Knossos," recently published by Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London.

The ideas of the Minoans about the future life have some similarities to those of the ancient Egyptians. Both believed, as do many Christians today, in a Judgment of the Dead. But while the Egyptians thought that a man-god, Osiris, was the dread judge, the Minoans thought that the judge was a goddess.

The old Greeks symbolized the soul as a girl with butterfly wings. They named her Psyche— from which we get the words psychology, psychological and so on. Two thousand years before the first appearance of Psyche in Greek writings the Minoans symbolized the soul as a butterfly.

Sir Arthur Evans was fortunate in finding, among other long-hidden treasures, a ring set with a gem upon which is engraved a scene portraying the Minoan conception of the Judgment of the Dead. He has reason for supposing this scene to be a miniature reproduction of a wall painting, long since destroyed, in the temple chamber or shrine of the palace at Knossos wherein the worship of the Minoans' Great Goddess took place. He believes it was reproduced also in various other shrines of the Minoan cities, in the same manner that paintings of the Resurrection are duplicated in Christian churches. He has had the scene reconstructed in color as it probably appeared in these frescoes, and his reconstruction is shown on this page.

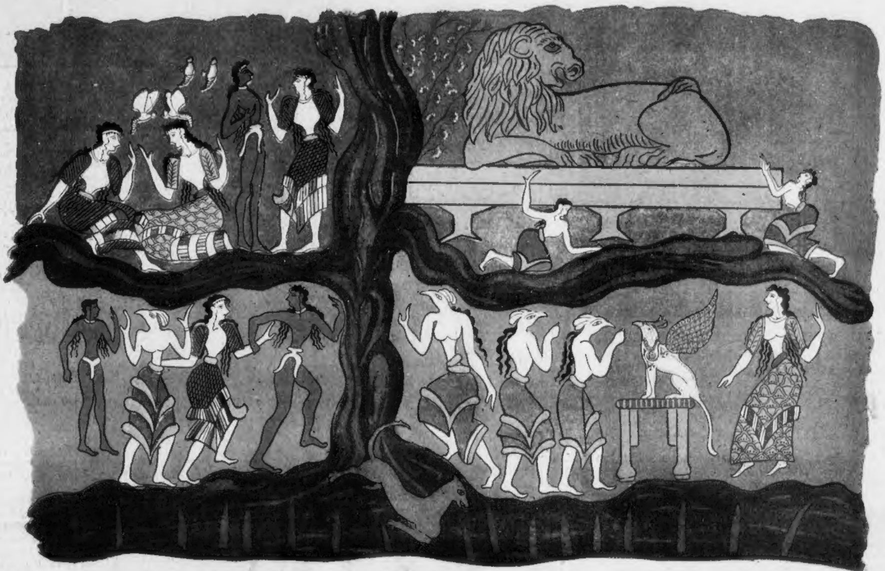
The picture is divided in four parts by the trunk, branches and roots of a tree. This is comparable, Sir Arthur points out, to the gigantic Ash Tree of old Scandinavian mythology, which was named Yggdrasil, whose branches covered the whole world and whose top disappeared into the sky. Yggdrasil had three roots, one of which was supposed to reach to the Abode of the Gods, another to the Land of the Giants and the third to Hella, the underworld. It may be that the Norsemen, who were indefatigable seafarers, got their idea of Yggdrasil from Crete.

In the first compartment of the Minoan painting is the Great Goddess in animated conversation with a companion. Above her head flutter two butterflies, and above them are two chrysalises out of which they have just hatched. At the right is a youth facing a short-skirted girl, who shows her surprise at the meeting by holding up both hands. We see here, writes Sir Arthur, a young couple whom Death had parted, reunited by the life-giving power of the Goddess; their entrance into the life beyond is symbolized by the pictures of the two butterflies emerged from their cocoons. They are not a pair of pale shades or phantoms, but material beings.

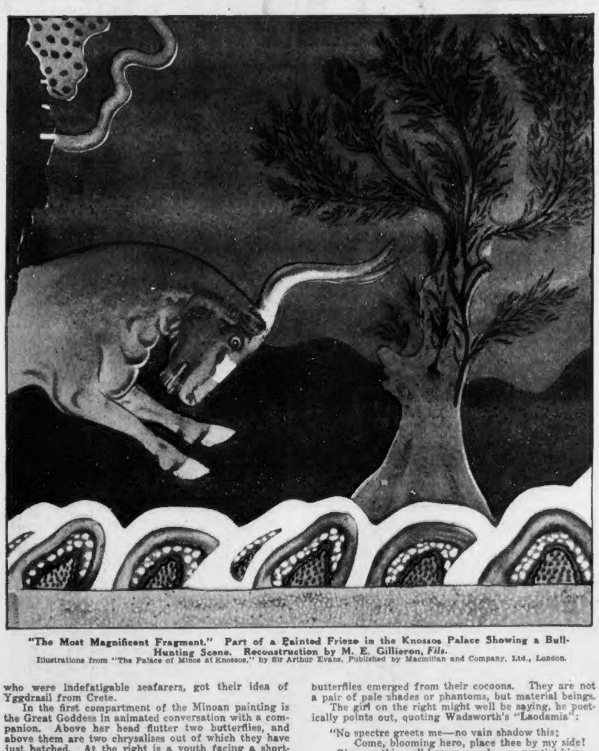
The girl on the right might well be saying, he poetically points out, quoting Wadsworth's "Laodamia":

> "No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
> Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
> Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
> To me this day a second time thy bride!"

In the next compartment, right of the trunk, is the Sacred Lion of the Goddess, tended by two of her handmaidens. He is keeping watch over the entrance.



The Judgment of the Dead, According to the Religious Beliefs of the Ancient Minoans 4,000 Years Ago. A Reconstruction in Color, Under the Direction of Sir Arthur Evans, of a Destroyed Fresco in the Ruined Palace of Minos at Knossos, on the Island of Crete. All the Figures Are Wearing the Waist-Constricting Metal Girdle.



"The Most Magnificent Fragment." Part of a Painted Frieze in the Knossos Palace Showing a Bull-Hunting Scene. Reconstruction by M. E. Gillieron, *Fils*.

Illustrations from "The Palace of Minos at Knossos," by Sir Arthur Evans, Published by Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London.

In the bottom left compartment the young couple reappear, dancing happily onward, while a "griffin lady"—the griffin was a fantastic, mythological monster, with an eagle's head and wings and a lion's body—warns off another man, but just why she does this is not explained.

On the other side other "griffin ladies" wait to lead the happy pair to a winged griffin, behind which stands another female personage, a repetition of the Goddess herself. A pre-eminent characteristic of the griffin was its piercing sight, which qualifies him here for his post as Chief Inquisitor, or Soul Searcher.

On the mound at the foot of the Tree is a dog-like monster comparable in a way to the dragon, the loathly "Nidhoggr," who gnaws at the foot of Yggdrasil—another curious resemblance to the Norse legend.

"There is no gloom about the picture," writes Sir Arthur. "All alike wear fashionable raiment, reflecting indeed the latest modes. We have not here the Hades of primitive Greek tradition—the gloomy underworld of pale shadows and gibbering ghosts. It is an abode rather of light than of darkness."

In short, the Minoans had a bright and cheerful religious faith and something really enjoyable to look forward to after death.

The extreme "wasp-waists" of the figures shown upon the frescoes had long been supposed to be an artistic convention, like the stiff attitudes of Egyptian sculptures and paintings. It has now been learned that the Minoans actually did have these pinched-in waists of disproportionate slenderness.

They acquired them by metal belts which were riveted around them in childhood.

Remains of some of these "ring-corsets" have been unearthed. They were from six to eight inches in diameter, their metal edges turned outward to prevent chafing, and sometimes, for too tender bodies, they were padded.

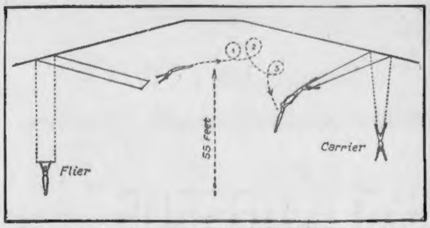
At first, the archeologist writes, he could not believe that these metal rings were for any such purpose. They were so small that, considering the vital ducts and vessels involved in such constriction below the ribs, the wearing of them seemed an impossible interference with nature. He consulted many eminent physicians, however, among them Lord Moynihan, President of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Sir Humphrey Rolleston, Professor of Medicine at Cambridge. The medical verdict was that the growing bodies would adapt themselves to the condition, and that the constriction would "remain a permanency for at least a greater part of the wearers' lives without patent injury to the health of the subject."

If the frescoes can be taken as being in proper proportion, the waists of young men and girls averaged less than twenty inches in circumference!

It appears, though, that some concession was made to the increased girth of advanced maturity. The riveted metal belt was removed and a more comfortable one of leather was substituted.

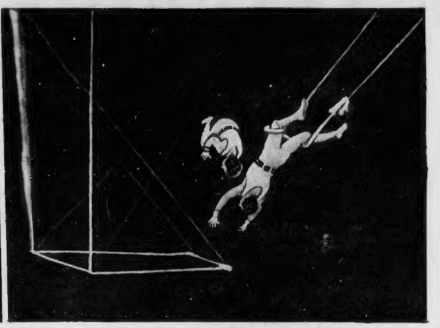
The Minoans were fond of bull-hunting, and in the palace was found what Sir Arthur calls "The Most Magnificent Fragment," a part of a frieze depicting this sport. Only the fragment shown on this page remains, but it reveals the high degree of art attained by this remarkable lost civilization, about which more will be told on these pages later on.

Daredevil Trapeze Stunt and How the Acrobats Do It



The Trapezes in This Dangerous Stunt Must Be Timed With Exactitude, or a Flying Leap May Prove Fatal. The Diagram Shows the Start and Finish of a Triple Somersault in Mid-air. At the Left Is Shown the "Flier," and at the Right the "Carrier," Who Must Catch Him. The Dotted Line Shows Both Trapezes at Rest. Before the Flier Lets Go, Both He and the Carrier Swing Their Trapezes Until They Are Synchronized—That Is, When the Flier Sails Into the Air, the Carrier Must Swing So as to Be at Exactly the Right Point to Catch the Tumbler as He Begins to Fall.

This Is Known as a "Double Pass." The Two Male Acrobats Have a Girl Partner. The Carrier Has Supplied Her With Momentum Enough to Carry Her to the Flier's Trapeze. At This Moment, the Trapeze Toward Which She Is Sailing Reaches Its Farthest Stretch and Releases the Flier, Who Passes Over Her in the the Air, Almost Grazing Her Body, and Is, in Turn, Caught by the Carrier.



The Flier Is Still Doubled Up and Is Finishing His Third Somersault. Completing His Turn He Will Then Find Himself Face to Face With the Carrier, Who, Checking or Accelerating His Own Swing, Will Seize Him by the Wrists. The Angle From Which the Photograph Was Taken Makes the Men Seem Closer Than They Really Are. Both Swings Are Actually Quite a Distance Apart.

PARISIANS have thrilled to the breath-taking stunts of aerial gymnasts since Leotard, a Frenchman, devised the trapeze in 1859. But they never have seen anything to compare with the skill and daring of the Cordona Brothers and their woman partner who recently performed at the famous Cirque d'Hiver—the Winter Circus.

The Cordonas, besides offering the usual routine of trapeze performers, made the spectators' hearts palpitate by doing a triple somersault and a "double pass" 55 feet above the floor of the Winter Circus auditorium.

The diagram at the left, and the photograph at the extreme right of the page, show how the triple somersault—the most difficult and dangerous of trapeze stunts—is performed. It is needless to explain that the trick is an achievement in timing which has to be done with mathematical precision. Cool-headedness and great physical courage are the human elements in the feat.

At the start of the stunt, as shown in the diagram, the flier (the athlete who makes the triple somersault) and the carrier (the athlete who catches the flier by the wrists the instant he completes his third turn in mid-air) take their positions on trapezes hanging perpendicular.

Both start swinging, the flier holding to the bar of his trapeze with his hands, and the carrier hanging by his knees so that his hands are free to catch his partner. The athletes themselves do not know exactly how they synchronize their swings, which are not the same. They know, by long and arduous practice, when they are in the right relation to each other.

The flier, as the diagram shows, lets go of his trapeze when it is at the top of its swing and makes his first and second somersaults at an even higher point than the top of his swing. At about the instant that he is completing his second turn the carrier is at the top of his swing and starts downward again. The carrier's trapeze has fallen several feet by the time the flier finishes his third somersault and their hands lock at the instant the flier starts to fall downward.

In the photograph at the extreme right the flier is shown completing his third somersault and at the instant he is about to stretch out his arms so that his partner can catch him.

The "double pass," shown in the photograph in the center of the page, is more thrilling, and as dangerous and difficult as the triple somersault. In this trick the carrier, hanging by his knees, swings with the girl partner held by the ankles. The flier on the other trapeze holds to the bar with his hands and swings just as he did in the triple somersault trick.

At the instant that the two trapezes are swinging toward each other and the proper distance apart the carrier lets go of the girl's ankles and she sails through the air to catch the bar of the trapeze of the flier. The instant she leaves the carrier's hands the flier shoots over the top of his trapeze and above the body of the girl. The girl catches the bar of the trapeze the flier has just left, and the flier catches the hands of the carrier who, a split second before, has let go of the girl's ankles. If the acrobats misjudged this stunt by as little as an inch they might all fall and be seriously injured, if not killed.

The Supremely Beautiful Face?

THE few painters and art critics who have seen the original of the painting reproduced at the right are agreed that it is one of the finest Madonnas ever painted. And some of them regard it as the supremely beautiful face as depicted by an artist's brush.

Whether this picture, which was painted by Joseph Gray Kitchell, one of America's leading artists, and which is called "The Spirit of Motherhood," is the most beautiful maternal face on canvas is a moot question that every critic and art lover must decide for himself. But the painting itself is remarkable for its history and the manner in which it is done.

It was more than thirty years ago that Mr. Kitchell conceived the idea of painting a Madonna which would be a composite of many of the world-famous Madonnas of the old masters. He has worked at the ambitious task, off and on, since that time and spent more than $12,000 to make the painting actually a composite of 271 priceless Madonnas hanging in the celebrated art galleries of the world.

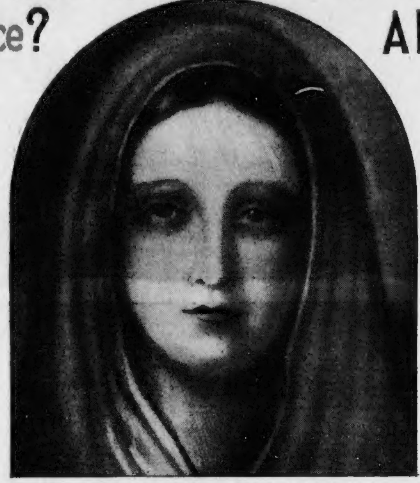
Just how he finally achieved "the supremely beautiful face" is a long story and one that only the painter himself can explain. What he did, of course, was to procure copies of this great collection of Madonnas and, by a method of his own, superimpose one over the other until he had a rough picture of all these faces combined in a single face.

Then he eliminated all the so-called "false lines" that did not contribute to the face and made a painting in black and white—a painting which might be called the first draft of the composite face.

When the black and white portrait was completed he used it as the model for a picture painted in full color. This served as the model for the final form of the "supremely beautiful face," which is what Mr. Kitchell calls a Mezzotone.

A Mezzotone is a picture requiring two planes, one over the other and slightly separated from each other. The plane nearest the eye is made of a special kind of hand-made thread silk on which certain parts of the picture are painted. It is rendered translucent by a kind of non-drying oil, so that the details of the painting on the surface beneath the silk can be seen through the fabric. The effect is one of softness and depth which surpasses the artistry of even the ablest of the old masters.

It is estimated that the 271 Madonnas which are subtly and beautifully combined in "The Spirit of Motherhood" have a present market value of $100,000,000. The genius that went into their creation represents the best artistic talent of the world over a period of three centuries.



"The Spirit of Motherhood," in Which the Artist Has Combined the Features of 271 Priceless Madonnas With the Idea of Making a Composite Retaining in One Picture All the Virtues in a Large Group of Masterpieces.

A Hurricane's "Thumb Prints"

FOR many years forestry experts have been mystified by lop-sided growth rings in tree trunks cut in various parts of the country, but more especially in the open country of the Midwest and along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico.

The wood in these abnormal growths is usually of a duller color than the normal growth rings and of different texture. For want of a better name, foresters called this "compression wood" because of its peculiar lengthwise shrinkage in drying.

Scientists of the Forest Products Laboratory, which is a branch of the U. S. Forest Service, recently stumbled on the explanation of the mystery while they were examining pulp wood cut in the forests of Florida. It was observed that almost every log in a shipment of pulp wood had lop-sided growths of "compression wood" and it was known that the trees were in the path of the violent and destructive hurricane that swept a portion of the Florida coast in the Fall of 1926.

The answer to the mystery at once became plain—trees attempt to protect themselves from the attack of high winds by fortifying themselves with additional wood. Naturally these lop-sided rings grow on the side of the tree opposite the direction of the wind, so that the trunk will not bend or break so easily. In short, these scallop-shaped and half-moon-shaped growths of "compression wood" are the thumb prints of hurricanes and lesser attacks of wind.

A study of trees in Florida revealed that the greatest growth of "compression wood" was high up on the trunks where the wind hits hardest and where the tree is weakest and more liable to break under pressure.

Thousands of trees were uprooted and broken off in the Florida hurricane of 1926 and acres of timber that survived the wind remained bent over for two years after the catastrophe. In fact, when some of the trees were cut two years after the violent blow they were still bowed over as though a strong rope were pulling their tops toward the ground. An examination showed their trunks to have extra growth on one side only.

Now that the scientists have a plausible explanation for the uneven and unnatural appearance of one-sided rings of "compression wood" in trees growing in widely separated sections of the country they believe that they can, by reading the story of the weather in growth rings, tell exactly when violent wind storms swept over any part of the North American continent.

Government forestry experts have, for many years, made a careful study of growth rings and have been able not only to tell years of heavy rainfall and of drought for a century or more back, but to predict the weather of the future—because it is presumed that weather conditions occur in rather regular cycles.

Uncle Sam's Big Island Farm Where Your Fur Coats Are Raised

A FUR FARM, on a much greater scale than any enterprise of the kind heretofore known in the world, is being developed by the United States Government on the Pribylof Islands in Bering Sea. The islands are 300 miles off the west coast of Alaska.

Eighty per cent of all the fur seals in the world are assembled there each Summer, which is their breeding season. There are more than a million seals on the islands, and last year 41,000 of their skins were sent to market. The islands also produce great numbers of the costly and much-prized blue fox skins. It is supposed that the first blue foxes got there by accident, floating from the mainland on drifting ice. They now number thousands, and, for commercial purposes, have been semi-domesticated.

The blue fox is in a way a freak, a "variant" of the white Arctic fox. Its dark blue-gray hue is abnormal and rare. For some unexplained reason most of the foxes on the islands were found to be of this color when the Russians first discovered the Pribylofs.

The Russians, soon after they discovered the islands, established there a colony of Aleuts, to carry on a profitable sealing industry. Descendants of those original colonists now comprise the population of the Pribylofs, numbering about 380. They reside in comfortable villages and perform all sealing and other fur gathering operations under the supervision of white agents employed by the Government Fisheries Bureau.

They get five dollars for each fox skin and seventy-five cents for each seal skin delivered. Their main compensation, however, comes to them in the form of foodstuffs and supplies furnished by the government.

When the government assumed control of sealing operations on the Pribylofs in 1912 there were only about 130,000 fur seals on the islands. To such an extent had the hunting of the animals at sea reduced a herd which had numbered millions. An international convention agreed to in 1911 by Great Britain, Japan, Russia and the United States put a stop to that.

As a result, since 1912 the herd has increased nine-fold. In the last eighteen years Uncle Sam's fur farm on the Pribylofs has yielded more than 380,000 seal skins.

Taking a Fox Out of a Box Trap With a Noose Is One of the Outdoor Sports on the Pribylof Islands. The Animals Are Semi-Domesticated and It Is Easy to Catch Them in This Manner.

The Aleuts of the Pribylof Islands Are of the Russian Orthodox Faith and Are Seen Carrying Sacred Paintings and Other Objects Called Icons.

A Valuable Catch. The Men Are Returning With a Number of Blue Fox Skins and One Extraordinarily Valuable White Fox Fur.

Steaming Hot Domestic Troubles For the Inventor of the Moto Meter

His Little Device for Telling When the Engine Is Running Hot Made Mr. Boyce a Millionaire—but When His Family Affairs Boiled Over, There Was Nothing He Could Do About It

ACME Photo

Mr. Harrison H. Boyce, Who Could, and Did, Invent a Device for Indicating When an Automobile Radiator Was Getting Too Hot, but Couldn't Keep His Own Matrimonial Affairs From Boiling Over.

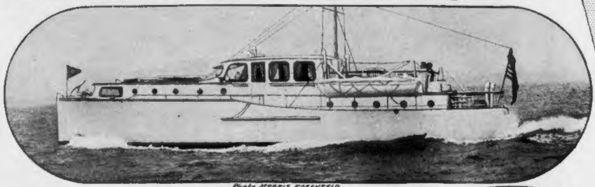
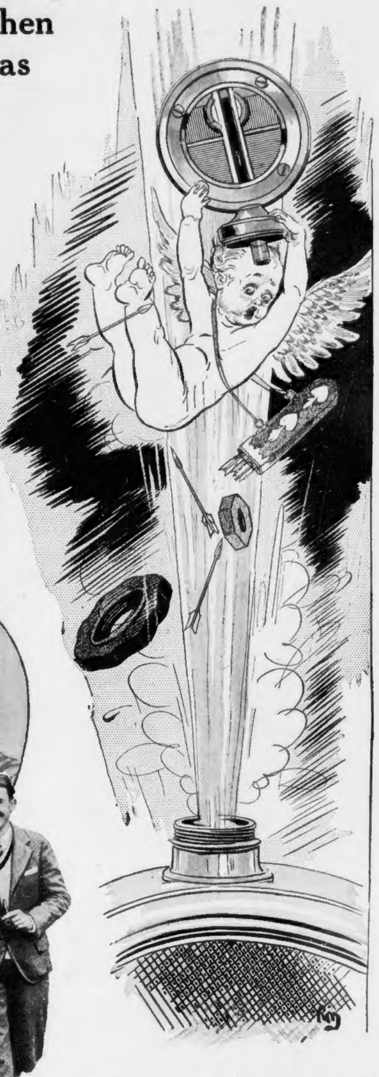


Photo MORRIS ROSENFELD.

Mr. Boyce's Fast Cabin Cruiser, The "Alone," on Which It Is Charged He Took Many Trips With His Wife's Attractive Younger Sister.



MR. HARRISON H. BOYCE some time ago invented the Boyce Moto Meter, that sat on the radiator caps of automobiles.

Some people in those early days, seeing that little round disc at the extreme front of the bonnet of the car, supposed it must be a sort of sight by which the driver took aim at pedestrians. But that was not the idea. It was a thermometer that told the driver when his engine was overheating and likely to boil over. Also, in cold weather, it warned him when things were getting too chilly under the hood for efficiency, and perhaps might freeze.

The little instrument was so efficient in its day that it made Boyce a millionaire. If he could only have put his invention on the bonnets of his wives and other members of the family, he might have been warned of what was going on under the hood of womanhood and been able to fix things before they boiled over or froze up on him, thus saving a lot of alimony, alienation of affections suits and other grief.

In 1922, when Mr. Boyce had succeeded in getting his hot and cold warnings on about 1,000,000 cars, he had no idea that for some time his wife Marguerite's emotions had been slowly creeping up to the boiling point. Suddenly, one day, she exploded in his astonished face, with scalding words and a suit for divorce. In court she produced elevator boys, grocer and butcher delivery men, ice men, milk men and other back stairs specialists to prove that her husband had been living in an apartment at 25 Fifth Ave., New York City, with a tall and beautiful blonde, under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Boyce.

Mrs. Boyce said that she had had her husband's number for a long time but had been quietly waiting till she got the goods on him. Mr. Boyce had realized that perhaps their romance had not been sparking quite as vigorously as in its first years and there was considerable knocking. But that was to be expected of a marriage seventeen years old. If he had only had one of his own little thermometers on his wife's brow, he might have fixed things before it was too late. Mrs. Boyce won $2,000 a month alimony, the use of their mansion at Great Neck, Long Island, and the custody of their sixteen-year-old son, William Leander Boyce.

Two thousand dollars a month alimony might frighten some men out of trying matrimony again, but like all inventors, Mr. Boyce is an optimist. He promptly took a deep interest in Nancy and Jacqueline Hawthorne, two pretty daughters of a Long Island Railroad conductor who lived in Westbury. "Jacky" being only fourteen at the time, his interest was strictly paternal and he became, so he has asserted, her guardian, while he married her older sister, Nancy. All seemed to go smoothly with not too much friction, vibration or other cause for overheating, but again appearances were to prove deceitful. In reality there was not only boiling, but freezing, going on under some of the human hoods around him.

In 1926, Miss Jacky was old enough to fall in love and did so, confessing to her "Guardy" that she would like to marry Mr. John J. Athana, an upstanding young man who was all right in every way except that he really needed a better job. Like a typical, moving-picture, indulgent guardian Mr. Boyce fixed that by giving Mr. Athana a nice position in his business which now not only made the gadget to warn persons that things were getting dangerously hot, but a small semi-nonstealable fire-extinguisher for use in case they neglected the warnings. On the strength of this, Jackie and Johnnie were married.

Such fatherly treatment of her younger sister naturally made Mr. Boyce solid with the second Mrs. Boyce and he thought he needed no thermometer to know that she was not going to boil over on him. But last year Mrs. Athana's affections for her husband froze and they parted. Again Mr. Boyce came to the rescue, took the heart-broken husband for a trip with him on the Boyce yacht, the "Alone," and tried to cheer him up and tell him how to get along with a wife. After that he affected a reconciliation and again received his wife's approval and thanks.

But playing good samaritan and meddling in other people's troubles often is a dangerous business, especially for people with money enough to be worth suing. Mr. Athana's frozen wife soon walked out on him again and this time the husband did not come to Mr. Boyce for consolation, but for heart-balm, a million dollars worth of it in the form of a suit for alienation of his young wife's affections.

"Now who would have thought you were going to boil over on me?" gasped the inventor.

Mr. Athana replied:

"I guess you did not know that I was watching you at your apartment at 277 Park Ave. I know you had her out on the "Alone" all alone and you took her on trips to Georgia and other places. You wait till I get to court and show you what else I know."

Mr. Boyce turned pale. If a husband could imagine such things about him surely a wife would believe them and he hurried home expecting another explosion and scalding.

As Boyce approached the big new mansion at Jericho more fashionable but less literary and "arty" than Great Neck," he was dismayed to see that several reporters had arrived ahead of him and were interviewing his wife. He had preferred to break the news himself. Now there surely would be an explosion.

But, as usual, he was mistaken. The two sisters were sitting with arms entwined telling the newsmen how silly that ridiculous Athana person was to imagine such things of nice, fatherly, kindly Mr. Boyce. The delighted man paused in his hallway a moment, hardly able to believe his ears. It was his own wife, saying nice things about him, her own husband. She said, so it was reported at the time:

"My faith in my husband and sister is based on knowledge and truth. I am no misled wife. The suit is tragic because no matter how false it is proven to be, it will cast a shadow over us always, though it will be shown to be perfectly absurd."

Mr. Boyce almost wept with happiness. This was more than he had dreamed of. Millionaires are targets for taxes, duns for charities and envy but who ever heard of one getting sympathy before. It was almost worth the million that ungrateful husband wanted for heart-balm. So Mr. Boyce strode into the scene in the happy character of an abused martyr, a part that millionaires are not usually allowed to play.

The second Mrs. Boyce had such perfect confidence in him that she merely sniffed when the still furious Mr. Athana asked the court for the power to make Mrs. Athana answer the following list of mean questions:

"Did you on March 3, 1930, leave with Boyce for Brunswick, Georgia, by train, occupying a single compartment?

"Did you register with Boyce under assumed names at the Oglethorpe Hotel in that city? Were those names 'Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Hawthorne'?

"Did you in March, 1930, accompany Boyce to his yacht 'Alone' and live as man and wife with him?

"What apartments and hotels has Boyce lived in since March 14, 1930?

"Did he register under his own or an assumed name in them?

"Did Boyce promise gifts to you of clothing, jewels, flowers, money and a trip to Europe and did you get them?

"Did he induce you to leave your husband?

"Is he supporting you since then?"

The court decided that those were not nice questions to ask a lady before the trial and decreed that Mr. Athana would have to restrain his curiosity until the case came up. This was nice but the great thing was this perfect confidence his wife had in Mr. Boyce and her wonderful understanding. They were twin souls with but a single thought and needed no emotionmeter. If that would not make her boil over nothing would.

Just then, however, something unpleasant in a financial way happened. In the course of a suit Mr. Boyce had brought against the General Motors Corporation for infringement of his moto meter patents, the court held that the patents were no good. This meant a heavy curtailment in the millionaire's income so that the $2,000 a month alimony to the first Mrs. Boyce would begin to hurt. What was to be done? But somebody, some have said the second Mrs. Boyce, was right there with a helpful suggestion.

"You just go right to her and explain the situation," he was advised. "Tell her that you can't afford such enormous alimony any more, that it will drive you to the poorhouse and you won't be able to pay anything. I am sure she will be reasonable and let you cut it at least in half."

Mr. Boyce doubted this. It was his opinion that Marguerite would boil over worse than ever at the very suggestion. But he tried it and to his surprise the first Mrs. Boyce was nice and accepted the cut.

There remained just one more adjustment to be made, the second Mrs. Boyce would also have to accept a little cut in her allowance so that the inventor would be able to make his budget balance. But if his ex-wife who didn't love him any more had been so reasonable, Nancy, the wife of his bosom, who had such perfect understanding no doubt would be glad to help. So with no fear or misgivings he mentioned the matter, expecting his twin soul to say that she had already planned to do so.

Instead she blew up and boiled over worse than any one in the family, not only refusing with vigor and gestures but bringing suit against him for separation, $25,000 lawyers' fees and $5,000 a month alimony. In New York State had she asked for divorce it would have been necessary to say something about a corespondent, but not in a suit for separation, so it is not known whether her husband's request to reduce her allowance caused the present Mrs. Boyce to lose any of her beautiful faith in her younger sister or not.

It has been asserted and denied that while Mr. Boyce was still smarting from that last hot water he had gotten into he and Jackie hurried right down to Mexico where one can get a divorce almost as quickly and easily as a cup of coffee at a cafetaria and that he bought himself one from Nancy and another for her sister Jackie from husband John Athana. If he did it won't do either of them much good for American courts don't accept these Mexican divorces any more than a "Mex" dollar, unless both husband and wife are parties to them. As Mr. Boyce's money and properties are in the U. S. A. that is where the divorce is important. Anyhow Mr. Boyce says he never made that Mexican trip.

And while Mr. Boyce was standing around waiting for his million-dollar alienation suit and his $60,000-a-year separation suit and Jacqueline's divorce suit to come to a boil, another member of the Hawthorne family without warning found himself in hot water. James Hawthorne, a young brother-in-law, suddenly saw his nineteen-year-old wife Eleanor Pratchett Hawthorne explode in his face. She claims to have caught him under compromising conditions with a school teacher friend. With Eleanor's suit, thus far there are four matrimonial suits simmering in the Boyce-Hawthorne family.

ACME Photo.

A Happy Family Group of Mrs. Boyce, Sister Jacqueline and Mr. Boyce, Taken Before Sister Jacqueline's Husband Sued Mr. Boyce for $1,000,000 and Mrs. Boyce Sued Him for Separation. Mrs. Boyce Is at the Left.

John Athana, Who Has Sued Mr. Boyce for $1,000,000, Charging Him With Alienating His Wife's Love From Him.

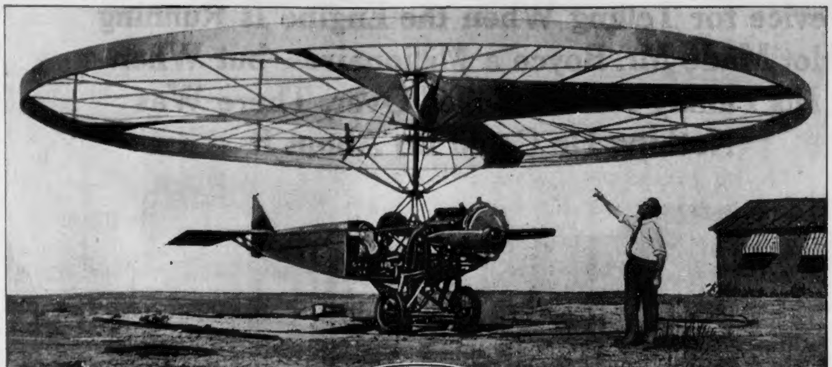
Straight Up, Straight Down With Safety, If This Strange Flying Machine Works

THE aeroplane of the future, according to the world's leading areonautical engineers, will have to be able to rise vertically and return to earth in the same manner. Until this type of plane is perfected there is little hope that people in the mass will take to the air because airports in congested metropolitan areas will be impractical, if not impossible.

With the invention of a practical plane that can go straight up and straight down, it is assumed that it would not be long before every good-sized city roof-top would be a potential landing field and that thousands of people who never have been up in an aeroplane would take up flying as passengers and plane operators.

Many inventors have turned their talents to the problem of vertical flight since Juan de la Cierva, the Spanish aviator who conceived and developed the Autogiro, has proved that almost-vertical is possible. One of these ingenious pioneers, Jesse D. Langdon of Bell, California, is now at work on a curious plane which he calls the helio-gyrocopter, with which he hopes not only to fly straight up and straight down but also either backward or forward.

Two photographs of the strange looking plane are shown on this page. At first glance, the machine seems to be a combination of the standard plane in common use today and an immense windmill set parallel to the ground. And, in effect, that is exactly what the Langdon helio-gyrocopter is.


WIDE WORLD — Photos

The fuselage of the helio-gyrocopter does not differ greatly from that of a plane in regular service over the airlanes at the moment. It has a two-bladed propeller, a rudder, ailerons and two rubber-tired wheels for landing. But the mechanical equipment within the fuselage differs radically from that in the ordinary plane—for it has two motors. One of these drives the two-bladed propeller and the other supplies the power for the windmill, or gyro.

This huge ring has four sail-like "spokes" which are pitched in the same manner as the blades of a four-bladed marine propeller. It is the function of this gyro to lift the plane straight off the ground and to lower the plane gently to earth at a speed not exceeding five miles an hour. Whether its function will be realized remains to be seen in a series of tests through which Mr. Langdon will put the machine in the near future.

The motor that pulls the machine forward can also be used to drive it backward, through ingenious gearing which makes the propeller quickly reversible. The other motor is, of course, connected with the gyro, or windmill, and is powerful enough to drive it at a rapid rate of speed.

The motors are connected by a clutch and can be operated independently or in conjunction. Strangely enough, both the two-bladed propeller and the gyro will be used when the operator wants to lift the plane straight off the ground. The inventor has figured it out mathematically that the forward pull of the motor connected to the propeller on the nose of the plane will not move the machine forward, but will contribute power to the vertical lift of the windmill.

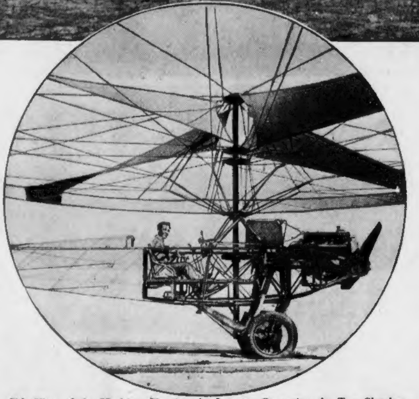
Perhaps the helio-gyrocopter will not fly in the manner that its inventor thinks it will, but some aviation experts who have studied the plans of the machine are of the opinion that the device is theoretically designed to achieve the inventor's dream.

Mr. Langdon explains that the diameter of the gyro and the lifting power of the sails, when the gyro is whirling, is sufficient to lower the plane gently to the ground even when both motors are shut off.

The air pressure on the under sides of the sails would cause the gyro to rotate as the machine falls of its own weight and the buoyant effect of the rapidly rotating sails automatically would lower the plane to the ground at a speed not exceeding five miles an hour. With power applied to the gyro this speed would be reduced, so that the operator could land as though he were riding in a huge feather.

When the machine takes off, both engines are used, as has already been explained, and the helio-gyrocopter (if it works in the manner its inventor believes it will) will rise straight off the ground to any desired altitude. Then, when the pilot is as high as he wants to go, he shuts off the motor that operates the gyro and proceeds as though he were flying a standard-type plane.

When the gyro is not whirling, either to make vertical rising or vertical descent possible, it serves the purpose of wings and the air rushing against the under sides of its four sails gives the machine buoyancy.



Side View of the Machine, Showing the Inventor Operating the Two Clutches. He Claims the Curious Craft Will Be Able to Go Straight Up and Come Straight Down Without Danger, and Fly Backward or Forward. —And Above— Jesse D. Langdon, of Bell, California, and His Helio-Gyrocopter, a Craft Designed to Fly by Employing the Combined Principles of the Gyroscope, the Helicopter and the Aeroplane. It Has Two Motors, One for Operating the Propeller and the Other for the Gyro, Which, the Inventor Believes, Will Permit a Direct Descent at Five Miles an Hour.

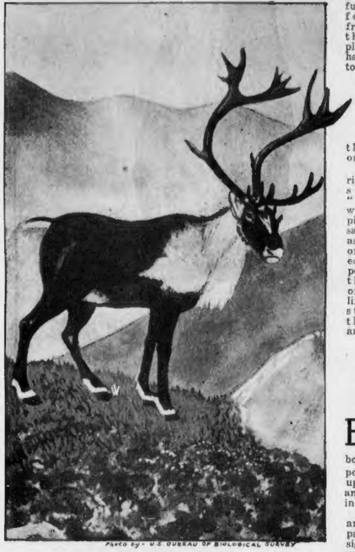


Photo by - U.S. Bureau of Biological Survey

The "Carideer." It is a Mixture of the Caribou and Reindeer, and Has Been Developed After a Period of Five Years by Government Experts at Nunivak, Off the Delta of the Yukon River. Its Value Lies Mainly in the Fact That It Is a Meat Producer.

U.S. Invents a New Animal

UNCLE SAM has invented a new domestic animal which is expected to prove of great value as a meat producer and for many other purposes. This remarkable beast has been developed through five years of experiments on the island of Nunivak, in Bering Sea, off the delta of the Yukon River, Alaska. It is called the "carideer."

These experiments were undertaken by the Government Biological Survey with the idea that it might be practicable to create a type of animal bigger than the reindeer, and in other respects superior to the reindeer, by selective breeding of a cross between the reindeer and its native American relative, the woodland caribou.

There are now more than 1,000,000 reindeer in Alaska, all of them descended from 1,280 head purchased in Siberia in the early nineties for $5 apiece (or the equivalent in trade goods) and brought over on a revenue cutter. For the natives of Alaska, these animals have revolutionized economic conditions, and have lifted the Eskimos to a new plane of civilization by providing them with a domestic animal that furnishes meat, transportation, clothing, and many other necessities.

The work of creating the "carideer" began with the difficult capture, in the wilds of the upper Yukon, of ten young and exceptionally fine male woodland caribou. That was in the Autumn of 1924. The animals were trapped by driving them into stockades, then roped by lassoing their horns, and "staked out" for the Winter.

In the following Spring they were transported on a barge down the Yukon to the coast, where they were put aboard a schooner which carried them to Nunivak Island.

Nunivak Island is 75 miles long by 40 miles wide. In preparation for the experiment in cross-breeding, a herd of 500 reindeer had been established on the island. From these were selected the largest and finest specimens for mating with the caribou.

As a result, there are now on the island several hundred of the cross-bred animals. It is planned to deliver each year fifty or more carefully chosen bull "carideer" to the mainland, for introduction into reindeer herds, with a view of improving the latter in point of size and in other respects.

The "carideer," developed by this method of selective cross-breeding, is 50 pounds heavier than either the reindeer or the caribou. It has superior stamina. In effect it is an entirely new animal. As the years go by, it will be distributed all over Alaska.

Cattlemen who have studied the new animal are of the opinion that, in spite of its greater size, it can stand the rigorous Alaskan climate better than either the reindeer or the caribou, and that it can subsist on rougher and scantier diet than the somewhat less hardy reindeer. The real value of the carideer will not, of course, be known for several years.

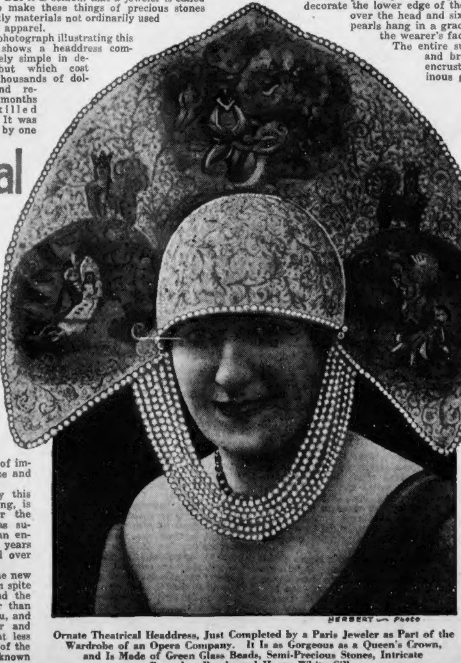
Stage Headdress Elaborate as a Queen's Crown

ELABORATE and costly headdresses are not unusual on the Parisian stage—in fact, every edition of the world-famous Folies Bergere boasts a dozen ornate and imaginative chapeaux. But it is seldom that a jeweler is called upon to make these things of precious stones and costly materials not ordinarily used in stage apparel.

The photograph illustrating this article shows a headdress comparatively simple in design, but which cost many thousands of dollars and required months of skilled labor. It was created by one of the leading jewelers of the French capital for an opera company and is as gorgeous as a queen's crown.

Rich brocade and heavy white silk are used to cover a light frame, the border of which is ornamented with perfectly matched pearls. More pearls decorate the lower edge of the helmet that fits over the head and six strings of larger pearls hang in a graceful loop to frame the wearer's face.

The entire surface of the silk and brocade creation is encrusted with tiny, luminous green glass beads especially made for the costly crown. These beads are the color of jade.


HERBERT — Photo

Ornate Theatrical Headdress, Just Completed by a Paris Jeweler as Part of the Wardrobe of an Opera Company. It Is as Gorgeous as a Queen's Crown, and Is Made of Green Glass Beads, Semi-Precious Stones, Intricate Brocades, Pearls and Heavy White Silk.

P. E. A. — Photo

Miss Irene Hall, 20, of Boulder, California, and Her Husband, Gopal Singh Khalsa, One of Three Representatives in This Country of Mahatma Gandhi, of India. Miss Hall, Like Several Other Girls Who Have Married Polygamous Natives of the Orient, Will Live in India.

But Does She Love Him?

EAST may be East and West may be West, as Kipling poetically points out, but Irene Hall, pretty twenty-year-old freshman at the University of Colorado laughs at the idea that the twain can never meet. A few weeks ago she became the bride of turbaned and black-bearded Gopal Singh Khalsa, a Hindu nobleman visiting this country as a representative of Mahatma Gandhi.

Irene's parents apparently look upon the international match as a catastrophe, for her father's comment on the alliance was: "Ask them for particulars. Please don't bother us about it."

Mrs. Khalsa, all smiles and obviously happy, assured newspapermen that her wedding was the culmination of a "real love match" and that she expects to be very happy in spite of all the bugaboos that have come to be attached to such marriages.

Miss Hall first met her husband when he came to the University of Colorado to deliver a series of lectures. She is not at all backward in admitting that she was smitten by him the moment she set eyes on him and that her fascination was intensified when she heard him speak. The courtship began almost as soon as they met and moved rapidly on to its culmination.

Most of Irene's classmates and friends can't imagine her as the wife of a swarthy, bearded Hindu, even if he is young, well educated, wealthy and a power in Indian affairs. If she had married "Bluebeard" they could not have been more shocked.

Nancy Miller's friends felt the same way when that comely young society girl became the Ranee of Indore, and Britishers were frankly horrified when Mrs. Helen Wilson of London, became the Sultana of Johore in a Moslem marriage ceremony. Such alliances, they said, are seldom happy ones.

But the new Mrs. Khalsa is much too happy at the moment to worry about what people think of her choice of a husband, or her future. She is looking forward eagerly to the day when her husband's lecturing in this country will be finished and she sets sail with him for a honeymoon in Europe and a second elaborate marriage in India.

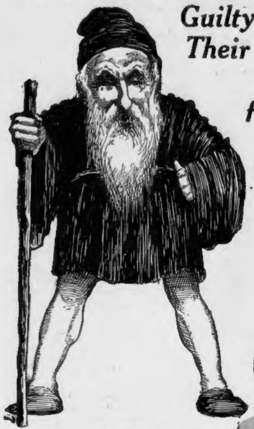
This ceremony, according to Gopal Singh Khalsa, will be performed according to the tenets of Sikhism, the faith of his people. Sikhism, he explained, is a liberal faith which does not recognize caste. "Our wedding in India," said the Hindu, "will be very elaborate. It will be performed in the Golden Temple at Amritsar, my home city, and will last for five days. I expect at least 700 guests to attend the rites."

The pretty co-ed's turbaned spouse was careful to explain that he considers himself thoroughly married now, and that the second and much more elaborate wedding ceremony is merely out of respect to the traditions of the country which is his and in which his American bride will live.

Mrs. Khalsa is excited and delighted at the prospect of being the lady of a Sikh nobleman, but she does not intend to quit her studies. She will, she says, attend Khalsa College in Amritsar and get her degree there.

Notions Grandpa Had Which Science Finds Are Really Correct

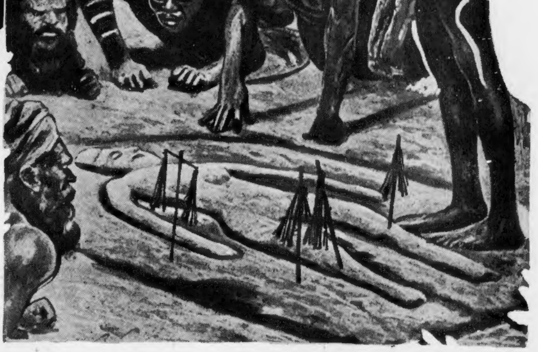
Thicker Fur on Wild Animals DOES Often Mean Severe Winters, Night Air IS "Unhealthy" in Some Places, Moonlight CAN Blind You, and Guilty People WERE Frequently Uncovered by Touching Their Tongues With a Poker and So On—But NOT for the Reasons Grandpa and His Ancestors Thought



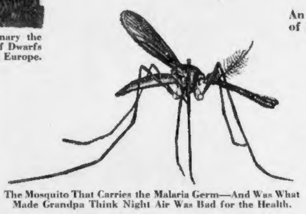
Legendary Figure of One of "The Little People," as the Fairies Used to Be Called.

Science Now Believes That Instead of Being Wholly Imaginary the Fairies, or "Little People," Were Ancient Memories of a Race of Dwarfs Like These African Bushmen, or Pygmies, Who Once Inhabited Europe.

A Modern Psychological Test to Determine When the Subject Is Telling Truth and When Not. Lying Requires an Effort, Which Causes Slight Changes in the Pulse and Respiration, and Which Are Shown at Once by Apparatuses Designed for That Purpose. This Same Idea of Self-Betrayal Was the Basis of Many Ancient "Trials by Ordeal."



An Australian "Trial by Ordeal." If a Woman of the Tribe Is Suspected of Infidelity, the Priest Makes a Figure of Her in Sand and, After Incantations, Stabs It. If the Woman Is Guilty She Is Supposed to Die, and Often Actually Does—Through Fear.



The Mosquito That Carries the Malaria Germ—And Was What Made Grandpa Think Night Air Was Bad for the Health.

SCIENCE, studying queer old notions in the light of modern discoveries, has found that a surprising number of them are correct. Primitive man, observing certain sets of facts for centuries, slowly learned that often there was a relation between some of these facts—if so-and-so was the case then so-and-so was extremely likely to happen. Many of their observations were entirely accurate, it now turns out. But their conclusions as to the causes, like "The Mikado's" flowers that bloom in the Spring, had nothing to do with the case.

When, for example, grandpa came in from the woods on an early Fall day and announced that they were going to have a hard Winter because the animals had thicker fur, it usually turned out to be true. Superficially such a belief seems utterly foolish, and had until recently been held by meteorologists to be as foolish as it seemed. How can an animal know in advance whether the Winter is to be cold or warm? And even if this knowledge were available, how could the animal itself provide for thicker or thinner fur? If, as the Bible says, man cannot by thinking add a single cubit to his stature, how can an animal add a single hair to its coat by thinking it is going to be cold?

And, of course, it cannot, and still grandpa was right—cold Winters do follow when the squirrel, the rabbit and other furred wild things have thicker coats. Nature, however, does not "tip off" her creatures to the coming conditions, as grandpa believed. The real reason is sun-spots.

That our weather is affected by the changes in the sun indicated by spots or eruptions on its face, is a comparatively recent discovery. In some countries such as northern North America, there is some relationship between Summer weather and Winter weather. Experts studying these weather relations believe that, in general, one portion of the sun-spot cycle is characterized by years in which both rainfall and snowfall are high. The other part of the cycle contains years of little snow and also little Summer rain.

Plenty of rain in the Summer means in North America ample animal food. Therefore wild animals acquire thick, glossy fur coats. Little Summer rain means, on the other hand, thinner animal fur. On the average, as a result of this sun-spot cycle, a cold, snowy Winter will follow a wet Summer. A relatively warm and open Winter will follow a dry Summer. There will be exceptions, however, but the rule holds well enough to explain how grandpa got his idea. And so correct were his observations that the sun-spot cycle has been traced for forty years back in the profits of the Hudson Bay Company, an organization engaged chiefly in the collection of animal furs. Cold Winters did produce thicker, better furs, and therefore bigger profits.

Grandpa believed that night air is dangerous to the health, and especially damp night air in the neighborhood of swamp regions. He kept the windows carefully shut. Grandpa said that you "got malaria" from breathing such air. In fact, the word malaria means "bad air."

Now, as a matter of fact, damp air is usually more healthful than the over-dry air of the average American dwelling; nor is there the slightest evidence that the air of swamps and marshes is a bit more unhealthful, considered merely as air, than the atmosphere of any other region. Nevertheless, grandpa again was right in his general conclusion—it is unhealthy to sleep with open windows in certain sections. What makes it so is not the air, however, but the mosquitoes.

These insects are the usual carriers of the germ of malaria, and sometimes those of other diseases. Mosquitoes live and breed chiefly in swampy places. They fly about mostly at dusk and bite people mostly after dark. Accordingly, before anything was known about the germs of disease or about the germ-carrying activities of mosquitoes, persons who slept out-of-doors in swampy regions became sick.

Since nothing seemed to be involved except the air, the disease produced received its name of malaria—"bad air." It never occurred to anyone to think of the mosquitoes flying in the night air as the real culprits.

Grandpa believed that sleeping with the moon shining on our eyes caused blindness, that meat spoiled more quickly if hung where the moon shone on it, and that seeds grew more quickly and strongly if planted at the new moon than if planted when the moon was on the wane. Modern science, after long doubting, says he was right—but not in his explanations of why these things occur.

The light we get from the moon is sunlight reflected from its surface. There are comparatively few heat rays left in it, these having been absorbed by the moon and by earth's upper atmosphere. This is why there is no warmth in moonlight. Also the reflected light is about 40 per cent "polarized." No one knows exactly what "polarization" is, but light of this character behaves quite differently than ordinary light. It has effects upon chemical reactions which ordinary light does not have; it is able to stimulate the growth of certain forms of bacteria, and also the growth of seedlings.

And now the distinguished Czecho-Slovakian chemist, Professor Bohuslav Breuner, has reported that moon blindness actually can be produced by allowing the light of the moon to enter the eye when held a little sidewise, so that it illuminates the particular spot in the eyeball where the filaments of the optic nerve enter the eye. It is apparently the polarization which affects the nerve filaments, since common light produces no such results. The blindness lasts in some cases for hours.

It was also found that due to the bacteria stimulating action of the polarized light, meat decomposed much more rapidly in moonlight than in darkness, or where no direct light could fall on it. The stimulation of seedlings noted may be the basis for the old notion of planting with the new moon, and some crops so planted may actually grow better than those of which the seeds were dropped in the "dark of the moon."

Among the most interesting of notions, dating far back to primitive men and examined by modern scientific students, are those involving the idea of the trial by ordeal. Probably even grandpa believed that one way of discovering who had murdered a person was to have the suspects put their hands on the body and that when the guilty man did it, blood would flow from the wounds of the corpse. Many forms of this trial by ordeal were used, and science has found that a number have a sound psychological basis.

It is well known, for example, that a person can be driven insane by fear, or to suicide; also, that some people are so sensitive and ill-balanced that if they come to believe that they have some incurable disease, they will sometimes waste away and die, even though they have no disease at all.

In Australia, the Bushmen, about as primitive a race as any on earth, use this psychological fact in punishing unfaithful wives. The Medicine Man makes a figure of the suspected woman in sand, then while the husband and the men of his family and the men of his wife's family kneel around, the Medicine Man speaks certain charms and plunges his spear into the breast of the sand figure. If the wife is guilty she is supposed to die shortly after. If she is not guilty, the spear in the sand figure does not harm her.

Care is always taken to let the suspected woman know that this magical rite is going on. And if she is guilty, she almost invariably dies, not because of any incantations or magic, but because she believes in their efficacy so thoroughly that her belief kills her.

Another ordeal which not so long ago was applied to criminals, for example, was to thrust a suspected criminal's hand into a pot of molten lead. Tests by modern scientific men have proved that this feat really can be done without injury provided that the motion of the hand in and out of the molten metal is steady and reasonably rapid and provided that the surface of the hand is slightly moist with normal perspiration. Another ordeal which still survives in northern Africa is to touch the tongue of the suspected person with a red hot poker. After such a touch, an innocent person is supposed to be able still to produce saliva from his mouth. The mouth of a guilty person, on the other hand, is supposed to be dry.

Curiously enough, such ordeals have a considerable real basis, operating through the suspect's own knowledge of his innocence or guilt. An innocent person, himself believing in the validity of the trial by ordeal, anticipates no harm and will thrust his hand in and out of the molten lead steadily and harmlessly. In the ordeal by the hot poker against the tongue, an innocent suspect will continue normal secretion of the saliva in his mouth. A guilty person, on the other hand will expect to be detected. His hand will tremble in the lead and will be dry or over-moist before it is inserted. The mouth of such a guilty individual already will be dry even before the hot poker is applied.

No scientific man would maintain, of course, that such trials by ordeal are proper substitutes for modern methods of criminal inquiry. Nevertheless, it is probable that in most cases such ordeals really worked and indicated the truth, especially where the suspected persons themselves believed firmly in the adequacy of the ordeal.

Among other weather myths is the one of the sulphurous smell of the devil. Ball lightning, it has been pointed out, usually explodes with a loud noise and leaving a sulphur-like smell, really due to chemical gases generated in the air. Ball lightning is a rare phenomenon but unquestionably occurs. Frequently, the lightning balls enter houses down the chimneys or through similar openings. Primitive, unscientific people, confronted by such a glowing ball which promptly explodes with a sulphurous odor, naturally thought of the myth of demons and devils thus appearing and vanishing with loud noises and evil odors.

Another ancient belief, which modern science suspects that it has explained, is that of the famous "curse" supposed to be placed by supernatural agencies on persons who violate the tombs of former generations. Only a few months ago there was much discussion of how this traditional curse of the Egyptian priests was working against persons and families associated with the opening of the tomb of Pharaoh Tut-Ankh-Amen.

What actually explains, it is probable, the belief of many generations in the reality of such curses was discovered last year by Mr. Alan Rowe, an investigator in Egypt for the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Rowe's expedition had found a tomb of the Fourth Dynasty, made about five thousand years ago. Attempting to enter the passageway leading to this tomb, Mr. Rowe's party found themselves fainting, acquiring sudden headaches and with their candles refusing to burn. Realizing the circumstances, the investigators beat an immediate retreat to the outer air. During its long enclosure in the tomb the air of the excavation had become exhausted of oxygen. Possibly there was present, also, some quantity of the poisonous gas, carbon monoxide, which may be formed under such conditions of long isolation from the outer air.

In the light of Mr. Rowe's experience it is easy to imagine how the idea of an effective curse on tomb openers might arise. Imagine a party not acquainted with modern science entering such a tomb, the air of which had become unbreathable. Neither the exhaustion of oxygen nor the presence of the poisonous carbon monoxide is perceptible by smell or in any other ordinary way. The victim who enters such vitiated air merely faints and dies. Only a modern physician or scientist would be able to imagine why. If one or two such parties in each generation died thus by venturing into tombs, it would be natural for the public to believe and keep alive the notion of some mysterious curse.

The explanation of the myth of giants and seven-league boots as a recollection of stilt walkers is due to another English folklore expert, Miss Alice B. Gomme. In ancient times, Miss Gomme pointed out recently in a communication to the Folk Lore Society, western Europe and a great part of southern England was covered with swamps, fens and marshes. These marshy lands were inhabited, but the race which lived therein was different from the agriculturists who lived in higher land surrounding these marshy areas. Inside the marshes the fen people had small spots of higher land where villages were built and settlements established. Perhaps a few raised roads or tracks led from these marsh villages to the higher land outside.

In moving about through their marsh lands the fen people commonly walked, as people still do in similar localities, on tall stilts. It is easy to see how the people of the surrounding higher lands would catch glimpses occasionally of these stilt-walking fen dwellers and would observe the apparently more than human speed with which these individuals could get over the ground. Kept by mutual distrust too far apart to discover the actual cause of the tallness and quick motion of the fen dwellers, the others imagined the mythical giants and the seven league boots to explain what they had seen.

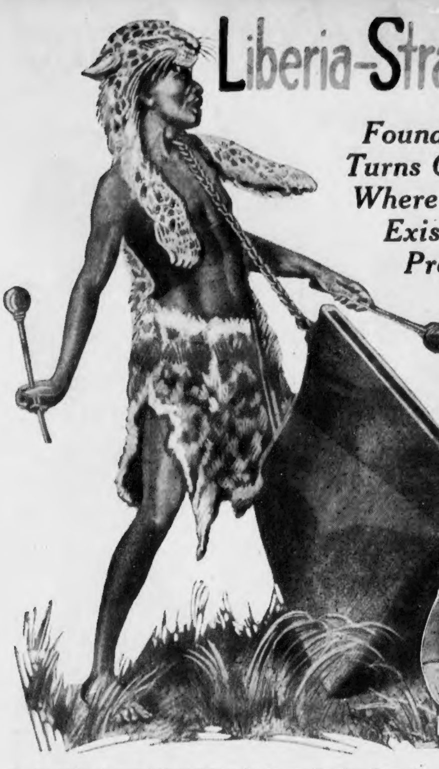
An African expert in ancient myth and folklore, Mr. George H. Cameron, is responsible for the similar suggestion of the origin of the myth of fairies—"The Little People," as they used to be called. The cave paintings of France and Spain and much other evidence suggest, Mr. Cameron believes, that a race similar to the modern Bushmen of South Africa once occupied the western coast of Europe and parts of Great Britain and Ireland. With the passing of time this race had migrated southward into Africa, leaving behind it faint popular recollections of people smaller than ordinary and able to vanish quickly in the forests, which characteristics the shy and small-bodied Bushmen still possess.

There remain, of course, many popular superstitions which modern scientific students have not yet traced to their sources. There is no adequate explanation, for example, of the ideas that the number 13 or the day Friday are unlucky. Sometimes these ideas are explained by reference to the Last Supper and the Crucifixion, but traces of similar myths have been discovered in pre-Christian documents. Another common superstition still not adequately explained is the one that it is dangerous to walk under a ladder.

But step by step these and other superstitions are being studied. Modern experts believe that in the end all of them will be explained.

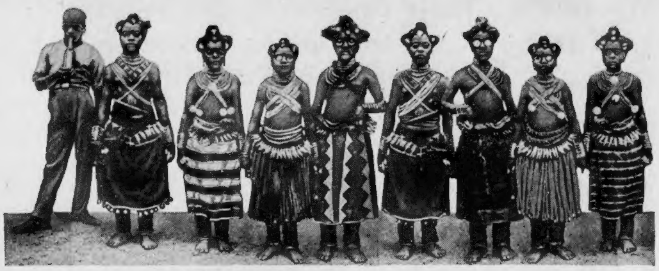
Liberia-Strangest Hodge-Podge Civilization on Earth

Founded by Kind-Hearted Americans as a Home for Ex-Slaves, It Turns Out to Be One of the Few Remaining Countries on Earth Where Slavery Still Exists, and the President Quits His Job



Leader of the "Leopard Men" Calling the Savages Together From the Bush by Beating an Enormous Metal Drum.

The Hon. Mrs. King, Wife of the Ex-President of the Republic of Liberia, Who Was "The First Lady" of the Country.



A Group of Kroo Dancing Girls of Monrovia, With Their Musician Enticing Sweet Notes From the Mouth of a Whisky Bottle. The Girls Wear Spectacles or Monocles as Personal Ornaments and Belts of Leopards' Teeth.

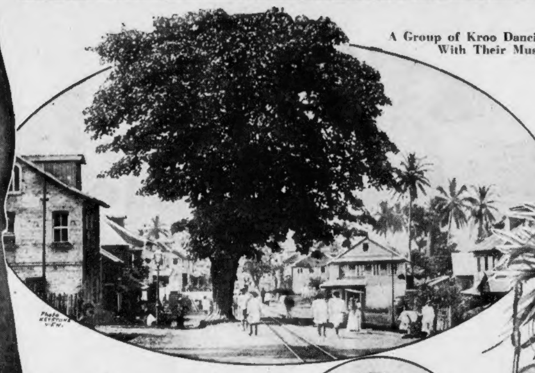


Photo Keystone View.

Street Scene in Monrovia, the Capital of Liberia, Africa.

Photo U.&U.

The Hon. C. C. D. King, Who Resigned as President of Liberia on Receipt of the American Protest Against Slavery.

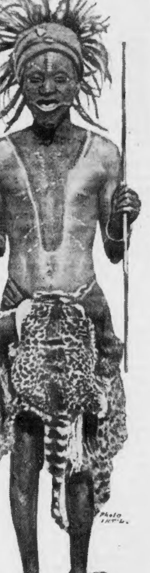


Photo Int'l.

A "Leopard Man" Cannibal From the Interior of Liberia.

LIBERIA, the only negro republic in Africa, was founded in 1821 as a haven for the freed slaves of America. After the Civil War, liberated blacks were shipped to Liberia in carload lots by kind-hearted Americans. Now their descendants form the upper class of Liberian society—the office holders, professional and business men.

A few days ago, the astonishing news became public that Liberia, settled by liberated slaves, is one of the few countries in the world in which human slavery still exists. Former American slaves, returning to Africa, used the lessons they had learned from their American masters to enslave the weaker and simpler natives of Liberia's interior. It is charged that the upper classes not only keep slaves themselves, but sell and ship them to surrounding districts.

Protests against slavery in Liberia, it is disclosed, have been made by the League of Nations. Liberia is a member of the League and its delegates at Geneva glibly answered the charges by pointing out that slavery still exists in Abyssinia and Arabia. The League of Nations couldn't do much about it, but the American State Department could and has.

Secretary of State Simpson sent a peremptory note to Liberia demanding the abolition of slavery. Charles C. D. King, President, and Albert W. Yancy, Vice-President, immediately resigned when this message was received by the Liberian Congress. Because of unpaid loans, the United States holds a virtual receivership over the black republic.

The new Liberian Government accepted "in principle" the recommendations of the League of Nations for the abolition of slavery, but delayed giving the United States adequate assurances that it will carry out the proposed reforms.

The fact that ex-slaves should to-day enforce slavery is not the only contradiction in that strange hodge-podge country. While there is no rent to pay by anybody, yet wages hang at the low figure of 25 cents a day; while the descendants of the former slaves who founded the republic are very deeply religious, yet, back in the interior, cannibalism still flourishes; while the civilized citizens of Liberia are orderly, the much-feared wild "leopard men" run loose in the bush, and while the more prosperous and better class of citizens on the coast wear frock coats and high silk hats, even through the blistering heat of the tropical day, as a symbol of caste, the unruly savages in the jungle run naked.

Nature itself seems to have taken an interest in this spot by distributing here perhaps the most curious collection of insects, animals and birds to be found anywhere on earth. There are ants that march in platoons and regiments, with an advance guard of fighters to protect their sappers and miners; baboons that go fishing, and insects that enslave other insects.

There is a plant in Liberia that is guarded by ants, who defend it with their lives, and there is another plant that strangles the life out of animals and perhaps men. There is a mangrove that grows downward from the air until it takes root for a fresh start and will only drop its sharp-pointed seeds into the mud when the tide is low.

The driver ants are the most terrible insects of Liberia. They are of two forms—the workers, not conspicuously large, and the soldiers, whose heads and jaws are enormously enlarged. Both are ferocious in the extreme. Having once fastened themselves into the skin of an animal they never let go. If their bodies are pulled apart their heads remain as firmly attached as ever, and it is necessary to tear the mandibles out of the flesh.

The pain of an attack by drivers is so great that animals roll themselves on the ground in their rage, thus gathering more ants. Animals of considerable size are killed by the drivers.

The ants are so fierce that great snakes are afraid of them. The python after killing an antelope makes a circuit of the whole vicinity before eating to see that no ants are near, and if he finds any he abandons his prey.

Grasshoppers fall so abundantly that the civilized natives use umbrellas to keep them off. There is another interesting little insect that crawls towards your bed at night and leaves a weird trail of phosphorus on the floor. Liberia has a large scorpion with claws like a crab, and a very juicy spider that is much relished by the natives for food. Thousand-legged worms are common. Snails grow to six inches in length.

There is a chameleon whose appearance is so horrid and sinister that men shudder at its appearance.

While in London recently President King was received by King George at Buckingham Palace and treated with great distinction. He had already been received by the King of Italy, Premier Mussolini and many persons of high position in Europe.

In London he had lunch with Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain, Lord and Lady Birkenhead, Lord and Lady Desborough and others. The cream of London society treated the colored President as a great potentate, and had themselves photographed in his company with evident pleasure. While in London the President made this statement:

"My country is exceedingly happy. There is no rent to pay, and there are few social troubles. The workmen are keen to work for 25 cents a day, and then to retire to their farms every three months of the year to gather their plentiful crops of rice. This is an easy existence."

There is some reason to believe, however, that life in Liberia is not quite as simple as President King suggests, and that it still has many problems to solve.

Shortly before 1847 the colony got into difficulties with England, which said it could not allow a community that was not a recognized government to collect customs and perform other functions of government. The United States refused to annex the colony, and Liberia then declared its independence, which it has maintained ever since.

The United States did not recognize Liberia until 1862. American unfamiliarity with the country is illustrated by an episode that happened when a Congressman was asking for an appropriation to send refrigerators and other supplies useful in a tropical country to Liberia. Another Congressman rose and said that the honorable member evidently was referring to Siberia, and that Siberia was a very cold country, and that refrigerators were the very last thing they needed.

After the Civil War the United States informed European governments that it took a special interest in the welfare of Liberia. This has helped to prevent the country from being absorbed in the general partition of Africa by European powers which has occurred since that time.

There are 12,000 Liberians of American origin, 30,000 civilized inhabitants of local descent and about 2,000,000 wild people.

The House of Representatives numbers fifteen when in full session, the Senate eight. The President is elected every four years.

The capital, Monrovia, looks attractive with its many red-roofed bungalows when viewed from the sea, but first impressions are upset when landing is attempted in the little boats that ride through the surf and frequently upset.

Railways are non-existent in Liberia, and the streets of the capital are covered with grass, which is kept short by the goats and other animals that browse there.

Many of the buildings are constructed of kerosene cans and corrugated iron, with more substantial buildings here and there.

The most attractive building in Monrovia is marked with the sign "Faulkner's Hotel and Ice Cream Parlor." With the temperature averaging 110 degrees in the shade, Mr. Faulkner, as proprietor of Monrovia's one ice cream plant, occupies a commanding position, which explains his repeated election by overwhelming majorities to the mayoralty.

Liberia produces rubber in considerable quantities and is capable of producing more. This is an article of which American industry is in great need and of which it cannot obtain a supply at reasonable prices.

Harvey Firestone, the great tire manufacturer, has bought 1,000,000 acres of land in Liberia for rubber culture and started a line of steamships to bring the product to the United States. This industry is expected to strengthen Liberia very greatly.

Liberia is really a thin ribbon of civilization on the coast with a vast background of black, though highly picturesque, savagery. The coast is 350 miles long and the back country is 48,000 square miles in extent.

It is certain that many of the worst forms of African savagery exist in the interior of Liberia. The terrifying cult of voodooism still lingers there. In the inaccessible hinterland flourish secret societies with the purpose of seizing defenseless natives and devouring them at cannibal feasts. And here are captured the slaves worked by the upper classes.

The most dreaded of the secret societies are the "leopard men." These fanatics, usually men of powerful physique, prowl through the jungle wearing leopard skins and armed with terrible iron hooks in place of claws. When they find an unprotected native they spring upon him and claw him to death.

Lady Dorothy Mills, the daring British woman explorer, is the best-known authority on the "leopard men" and secret societies of Liberia and other parts of West Africa. She has traveled among them and seen them.

In her writings Lady Dorothy Mills has said that, although all open cannibalism has been stamped out by the Liberian Government, the craving for human flesh dies hard, and is likely to break out in remote places out of reach of the government. A few weeks ago Lady Dorothy told in these pages of killing one of the dread "leopard men."

In recent days in Liberia there has been a great hunt for the secret society men. There are now numerous camps in the wild interior where numbers of "leopard men" are imprisoned for life. They are so savage that it is necessary to keep them chained together in a row while they are at their forced labor. Otherwise they would attack their guards.

A French explorer, M. Degouilles, furnishes a remarkable description of a recent encounter with a "leopard man." He saw a pretty young girl about to fill a jar at a spring and was going to make a snapshot of her.

Before he could move a huge figure sprang upon her out of a tree. At first he believed it was a leopard. He raised his gun and shot the creature through the heart.

When he ran up to the body he was astonished to find it was a man. The skin of a leopard was bound over the man's back, head and arms. On the hands and feet were long, curved and sharp talons made of iron, and fastened to wrists and ankles.

The explorer turned to the girl and she, too, was dead. The iron talons had been thrust into her neck, severing the arteries.

The "leopard men" were reported recently to be roaming around in bands instead of singly. They are called together by one of the "leopard priests," who beats upon a drum. The ordinary natives believe that the "leopard men" are really possessed by the spirits of leopards.

The Liberian Republic is described by Prof. O. F. Cook, formerly of Liberia College, as an aristocratic despotism under republican forms. Social strata exist in Liberia as clearly defined as the castes of India. It is the native African who has to take the back seat. The Americanized negroes, whose ancestors came from America, make up the ruling class of Liberia.

All political power is confined to them and they constitute the fashionable society of the land. Their wives and daughters are the social ornaments of Krootown, which is Liberia's center of fashion. Their apparel excites the awe of the wild natives. Not infrequently they wear up-to-date costumes of Parisian origin which display in a striking manner their ebony skins.

Professor Cook remarks that the young Liberians of the ruling classes are a great sight to behold, as they stroll out of their club for an afternoon promenade. They are accustomed to be waited on from their earliest years by the benighted natives who perform every possible service for them.

The wild natives are not allowed by their rulers to wear a high hat, which is the chief external symbol of power and aristocracy. Occasionally the native gets hold of an old plug hat and dons it with pride mixed with terror. He dares only wear it in the presence of other wild natives. When a Liberian of American descent comes along the plug hat is hidden away.

The civilized Liberians give much of their time to religion. Every religion of America and Europe is represented in the civilized settlements, while in the interior Mohammedanism, devil worship and many strange cults flourish.

The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States is represented by a bishop, and the church also conducts a college.

The American Lutherans have a large boys' school. The Methodists have more than a thousand students in their colleges and schools.

The Baptist was the earliest church, that of the original American settlers. They have had a church building there since 1821. Their principal strength is now in Monrovia and in the curious district called Basa.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church only began work in Liberia in 1885, and has made great progress, as it is said to understand the race better than the others.

There are Mohammedan mosques at Brewerville and at many places in the far interior Mandingo towns.

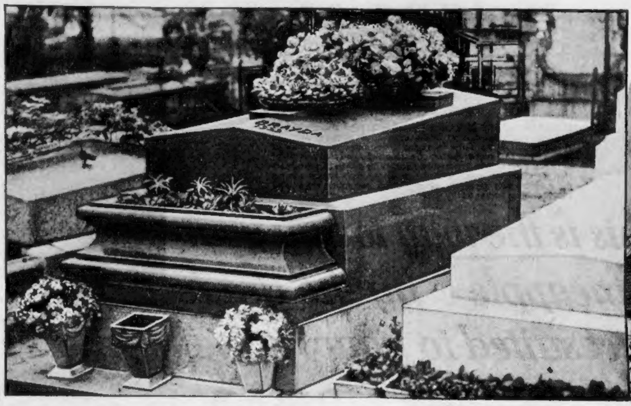
Despite all these churches, investigators have found that slavery flourishes and the United States has taken action to put an end to the practice which is so opposite to the spirit in which the black republic was founded.

Stripped of the Jewels Buried With Her in Her Grave

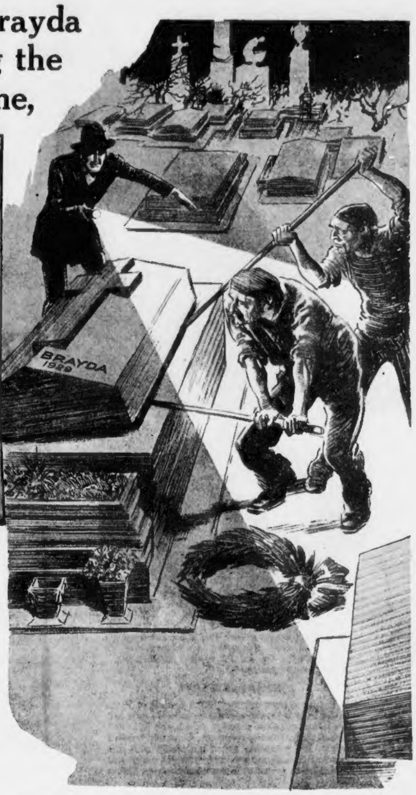
Four Times Was the Tomb and Coffin of Madame Brayda Broken Open in the Cemetery Near Paris, Recalling the Mysterious Desecration of the Grave of Mlle. Lantelme, the Famous French Beauty

Photo Reutlinger

Photograph of Mlle. Lantelme, Showing Some of the Enormous and Valuable Pearls Which She Wore in Life and Were Buried With Her in Her Coffin.



Photograph of the Tomb of Madame Brayda in the Cemetery of Vaucresson, Near Paris, Which Was Opened Four Times. The Name "Brayda" Can Be Seen on the Stone Slab.



Reconstructing the Grave Robbery From the Evidence at the Scene, the French Police Concluded That Not Less Than Three Robbers Were Engaged in the Distressing but Profitable Enterprise. It Would Have Required the Strength of Two Men, the Detectives Concluded, to Pry Off the Stone Which Capped the Tomb, While a Third Confederate Probably Stood by With a Lantern.

PARIS, Jan. 15.

MME. HONORINE BRAYDA had but two passions in life—her lover and her beautiful jewels. When she died two years ago, her last request to her admirer was that her jewelry be buried with her. This was done and it was believed that Mme. Brayda had truly found the peace of the grave.

But it was not to be. In the two intervening years her grave has four times been opened and her remains as many times disturbed. First, Madame's relatives became suspicious that M. Edmond Vallandier, the lover, had not been faithful to the woman's dying request and had not buried with her the fortune in jewels—100,000 dollars' worth. They obtained a court order and had the grave opened.

There were the rings on the shriveled fingers, the necklaces about the shrunken neck and the pendants on the fallen chest. A gem expert examined them and declared them genuine.

M. Vallandier was exonerated of any duplicity in carrying out the last request of his mistress. The grave was closed again, the jewels still in their places on all that was mortal of the woman who had so loved them. But in Paris the newspapers had told the world of the fortune in gems buried in the little cemetery at Vaucresson, nearby.

So no one was very much surprised a week later when it was found that ghouls had broken into the grave of poor Mme. Brayda, disinterred the body and replaced it. There were plain signs around the grave that the coffin had been taken out, opened and looted.

Reconstructing the grave robbery from the evidence at the scene, the French police concluded that not less than three robbers were engaged in the distressing but profitable enterprise. It would have required the strength of two men, the detectives concluded, to pry off the stone which capped the tomb, while a third confederate probably stood by with a lantern. Nobody doubted that the jewels had been stolen, but it was necessary to make sure. So for the third time the coffin and body of Mme. Brayda were lifted from the grave. When the coffin was opened it was seen that this time the jewelry was gone. Every bauble that she had prized had been stolen, except a few inexpensive religious charms that the superstitious thieves had been afraid to touch.

The police made a thorough investigation but could find no clues to the identity of the robbers. Mme. Brayda's body, this time stripped of its jewels, was again sealed in its coffin, the coffin returned to the grave and the grave closed. But not for long was she to remain in peace. A few days later someone noticed the names of two Paris jewelers scribbled on the tool shed of the grave-digger, M. Fardeau. In vain he protested his innocence. Perhas his fingerprints would correspond with those on the violated coffin, his accusers told the police. The police decided to see.

So for the fourth time Mme. Brayda's repose was disturbed. The grave was again dug up and the woman's remains lifted out. No evidence against Gravedigger Fardeau was found, the police politely apologized to him and again the body was returned to its uneasy resting place.

But if her body is finally at peace, her spirit must have been distressed at an odd consequence of the grave robbery and its publicity. Mme. Vallandier, wife of Mme. Brayda's lover, learning of their former relations, promptly started suit for divorce, naming the woman who has so signally failed to find peace in the grave.

On his part, M. Vallandier has had little peace since his lady-love passed away. It was bad enough when her relatives accused him of failing to bury the jewelry with the body or at least of substituting fake gems and keeping the genuine. His innocence was proved by the first disinterment of the body. So great had been his relief that he had fallen in a faint beside the re-opened grave. Then had come the shocking robbery of the coffin and the two subsequent disturbances by the police of the last rest of the women he loved. And now he faces that suit for divorce.

Mme. Honorine Brayda had been somewhat of a woman of mystery. She had a large establishment in the Rue de l'Echiquier in Paris and a country home in the little village of Vaucresson, a suburb. She divided her time between the two places. Her neighbors of the Villa Edmond in the Rue de Garches, Vaucresson, believed her rather eccentric. It was known she had a large fortune, but she lived quietly with only two servants. She had few visitors, only M. Vallandier and infrequent women friends. Several times a week she herself drove her auto to her Paris home, often remaining two or three days.

In Vaucresson, Mme. Brayda was known as an angel of kindness. Her two servants worshiped her and she was a friend of all the poor. She was liberal in her charities. The little cemetery was her particular concern and she made it known she wished to be buried, when that unhappy time came, in the modest plot she had purchased. She had named her villa in the Rue de Garches in honor of her lover's first name, Edmond. But in Vaucresson she made no display of the jewelry which she had spent a life-time in collecting and which she loved most of all in life—next to Vallandier.

In Paris it was different. At her Rue de l'Echiquier home gay parties were held. M. Vallandier was accepted by all in her smart circles as her sweetheart. She delighted to load her slender fingers with her rings, her beautiful wrists with her bracelets, her faultless neck with her strings of diamonds, pearls, sapphires and rubies.

So, when she died in Vaucresson unexpectedly in January, 1929, and the simple inhabitants one dreary morning saw the hearse go by on the way to the little cemetery, they had no idea that it carried the dead woman brilliantly made up, dressed in silk, lace and ermine and bedecked with a fortune in jewelry.

But the relatives of the dead woman began to think about that fortune in jewelry which M. Vallandier said had been buried in her coffin. The more they talked about it, the more they doubted whether he would have faithfully carried out this last request when he might so easily have pocketed the gems.

So the relatives finally asserted their belief that the jewels had not been interred with the remains, and they obtained an order from the court to open the grave. And thus began the fourfold disturbance of what should have been Madame Brayda's last rest, in peace with the jewels she had loved so much.

The extraordinary succession of events in the little cemetery near Paris startled the public and recalled the even more remarkable grave robbery a few years ago of the vault containing the remains of Mlle. Lucie Lantelme, who was known as the most beautiful woman in Paris.

Mlle. Lucie Lantelme, the Most Beautiful Woman in Paris, Who Died a Mysterious Death and Whose Grave Was Desecrated in a Most Extraordinary Manner Which the Paris Detective Bureau Has Never Been Able to Explain.

The immense fortune in jewelry which had been buried with her was not disturbed, and when five years later, during the darkest days of the war, the grave was again violated, the thieves were disappointed, for her husband had taken the precaution of removing the tempting stones and precious metals.

The two desecrations of Mlle. Lantelme's grave still form one of the unsolved mysteries of Paris. For that matter, her strange death during a houseboat party on the River Rhine is itself a mystery never cleared up. Indeed, her short but eventful life was full of mysteries.

At the age of 23 Lucie Lantelme was the toast of Paris. As an actress, she was not in the first rank, but her dazzling beauty made her the most popular and most sought after woman on the stage. Then when, in 1911, she married Alfred Charles Edwards, multi-millionaire founder and owner of the Paris Matin, it would seem that her happiness had been made complete. She had everything—youth, extraordinary looks, unlimited wealth and an adoring husband. Edwards was no novice as a husband; he had been married three, some say four, times before. He showered Lucie with jewels, automobiles, superb costumes.

Because of his many marriages and his close friendship with so many lovely ladies of the stage, Paris affectionately called Lucie's husband "Bluebeard" Edwards. In a short time it became pretty generally known that the former Mlle. Lantelme was not happy. She had remarkably beautiful eyes and everyone spoke of their sad, wistful, haunting expression. She appeared to be continually weighed down by an unspeakable sorrow.

It was generally understood that she sought relief from her sorrows in opium. Her friendship for the villainous apache, "Blond Guillaume," was another indication of unhappy domestic conditions. She had known the notorious apache chief before her marriage and refused to give up the association afterward.

Among the possessions of the Edwards menage was an exceptionally large and luxurious houseboat, l'Aimee. Six months after the marriage, Edwards and his lovely bride went on a cruise up the Rhine with a large party of gay friends. After a night of wild revelry, everyone went to bed late in the morning. Lucie and her husband occupied separate suites.

Shortly before dawn a woman's piercing scream was heard. After much running around by Edwards and his guests, Lucie's door was broken open. Her rooms were empty. Two days later the body was recovered from the river. The tragedy was never satisfactorily explained.

Mlle. Lantelme's remains were taken to Paris and placed in Pere la Chaise Cemetery. Her collection of jewelry, worth many hundreds of thousands of francs, was buried with her.

Within a few months of her death occurred the first amazing attempt on her burial vault. Her coffin was broken open and roughly tossed about. "The violated vault showed evidence of a frenzy of destruction," said one newspaper account. "Not only were coffins wrenched open, but the mortuary altar was smashed, the cross, statues and vessels shattered and flung into a disordered heap in one corner of the mausoleum. It seemed that a passion of sacrilege as well as a lust of plunder had inspired the miscreants."

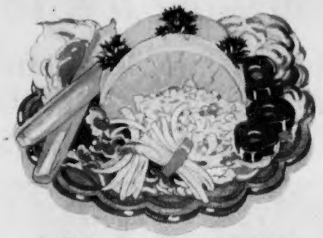
Strangely enough, none of the jewels was stolen. There was evidence that the robbers had fought among themselves, and perhaps they were frightened off before one side won the spoils. To discourage further ghoulish outrages M. Edwards removed the jewelry from the grave. This fact was widely known.

After Mlle. Lantelme's death, Edwards' engagement to two prominent and beautiful Parisian actresses in succession was reported. But he died and it was found that he had left his entire fortune to a third beautiful actress, Mlle. Gabrielle Colonna Romano, who had been Lucie Lantelme's best friend.

In 1916, with the Germans hammering at the very gates of Paris, Lantelme's grave in Pere la Chaise Cemetery was again broken open. The ghouls were supplied with rope ladders, pickaxes and other tools. This time the intruders broke open the coffin, took out the body and left it on the floor of the vault. The second desecration of the grave was decidedly more difficult to explain than the first, and neither has ever been cleared up.

Since then, the remains of Lucie Lantelme have rested in peace, as the devoted but harassed M. Vallandier now hopes the body of Honorine Brayda will be permitted to rest until the final resurrection.

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

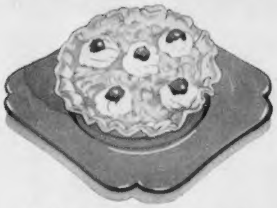


Note what a prominent part the pineapple plays in the appearance of this lovely salad! That's the reason, of course, that evenly cut, uniform DOLE 1 Sliced Pineapple is used.

WAIKIKI SALAD

Marinate separately in French Dressing 2 cups diced chicken and 1½ cups diced celery. Drain, toss lightly together and add ½ cup pecan meats. Fold in about ½ cup mayonnaise. Pile in lettuce nests and across the top of each salad stand two half slices of DOLE 1 Pineapple, separating slices with a thin fringe of parsley. Garnish each salad with a few celery curls bound around the middle with pimento, also pickled cucumber rings and cheese straws. Serves 6.

This is the way to buy your pineapple ··· by the grade best suited to your recipe!



For pineapple tarts of course you'll want the very finest crushed pineapple, with thick, rich syrup. And since DOLE 1 Crushed Pineapple is just that, it fits this recipe ideally.

PINEAPPLE TARTS

Drain the syrup from 2½ cups DOLE 1 Crushed Pineapple and to it add ⅓ cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour and a few grains salt mixed together. Add lemon juice and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool, add crushed pineapple. Fill previously baked tart shells with this mixture and garnish the tops with whipped cream and tiny red skinless grapes or maraschino cherries. Makes 6 tarts.

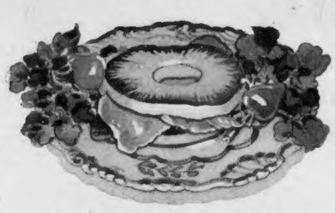
DOLE 1 · DOLE 2 · DOLE 3

What a wonderful convenience to be able to buy just the grade of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple best suited to the dish you are preparing! What a marvelous help in planning menus to be able to choose the grade most economical—most satisfactory from every standpoint!

And James D. Dole has made this possible—as you'll realize once you've tried your hand at any of the inviting dishes pictured on this page. Dole takes the grades which Nature gives to pineapple and marks them so you'll know at a glance—at the time you do the buying—exactly which grade you are getting. He does this by stamping the name DOLE *and beneath that name the number 1, or 2, or 3* right in the top of the can.

DOLE

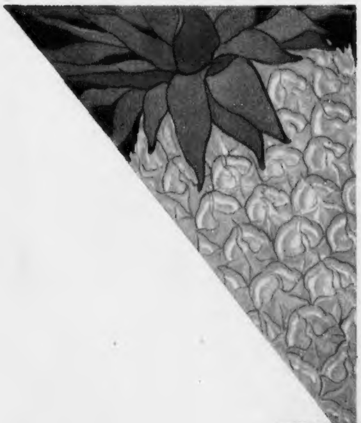
Fine Hawaiian Pineapple, sun ripened, picked at the point of perfection! That's what it is if DOLE 1, or DOLE 2, or DOLE 3 is stamped in the top of the can. So look for the DOLE grade-marks when next you buy Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. Use them when you try the four delicious pineapple dishes on this page.

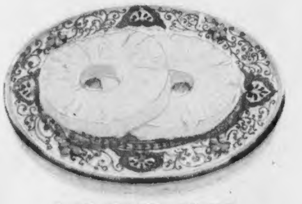


The economical way to make up this delicious dish is to use DOLE 2 Slices, since the pineapple is going to be cooked anyway. Perfectly shaped DOLE 1 Slices aren't really essential (although many women insist on using them).

PINEAPPLE LUNCHEON DISH

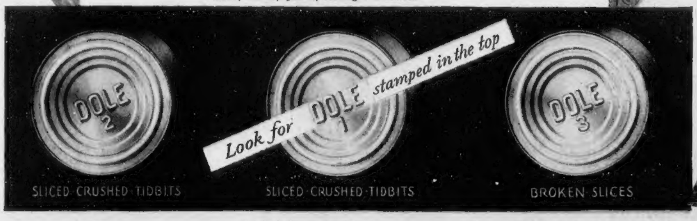
For each serving, saute 2 slices DOLE 2 Pineapple in butter until a nice brown on both sides. Frizzle thin slices of boiled ham in butter and lay one or two slices between the pineapple slices on a luncheon plate. Garnish with sprigs of watercress and two or three radishes.





SLICED PINEAPPLE DESSERT

Here is a very simple dessert—easy to prepare, delightful to look at, delicious to eat! But of course, any dessert made of lovely DOLE 1 Slices, so evenly cut, so uniform in color, would have great beauty of appearance. And as for flavor, well, you don't have to tell a woman that DOLE 1 Sliced Pineapple is the pick of the pack—the finest Hawaiian Pineapple that skill can produce or money can buy. Just try serving it as dessert!



Surely you'll want to read the full meaning of the **DOLE** grade-marks

· · · · *well, here it is*

Grade 1

Sliced—Slices which are the pick of the pack—uniform in size and color—in richest syrup of pure pineapple juice and cane sugar only. In appearance and flavor the finest pineapple skill can produce or money can buy.

Crushed—The same fine pineapple, in crushed form—in the same rich syrup.

Tidbits (Salad Cuts)—Grade 1 slices cut into small, uniform sections—packed in the same rich syrup.

Grade 2

Also in Sliced, Crushed and Tidbits. Slightly less perfect—less evenly cut, less uniform in color—Grade 2 pineapple is less expensive than Grade 1, though still a fine, delicious product. The syrup is less sweet than Grade 1.

Grade 3

Broken slices packed in the same syrup as used in Grade 2. Grade 3 costs the least because broken in form, but the fruit is of good, wholesome quality.

THE KINGDOM THAT GREW OUT OF A LITTLE BOY'S GARDEN

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Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden", your story-recipe booklet which tells 39 new ways to serve Canned Hawaiian Pineapple.

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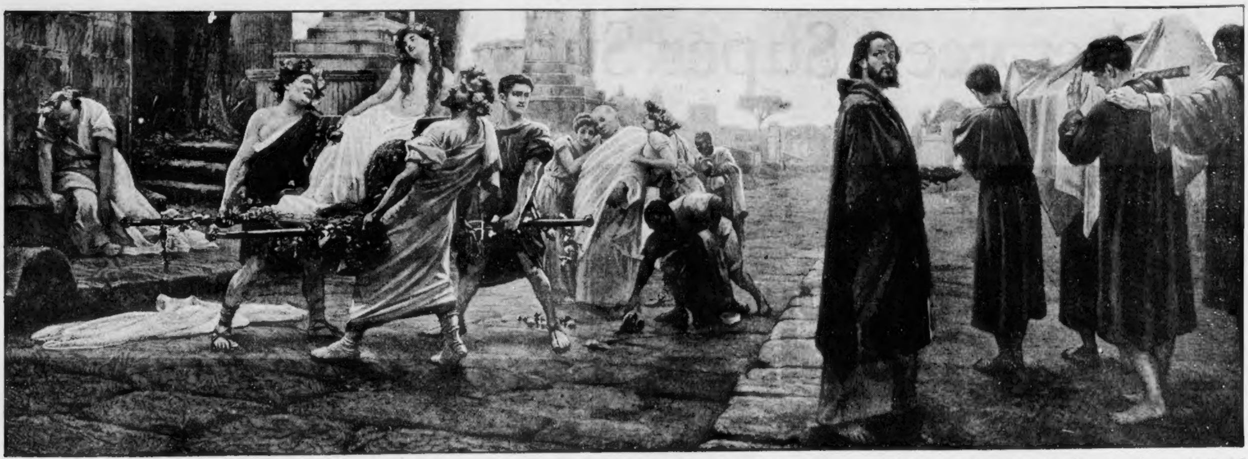
Where the Noble Romans Buried Their Pauper Relatives



A Startling Contrast in Ancient Roman Life. The Body of a Poor Christian Being Borne to a Community Burial Ground Passes a Patrician Reveler Returning With His Favorite Women and His Slaves From an All-night Orgy. From the Painting by Jan Styka, the Celebrated Polish Artist, Whose Portraits of Early Roman Life Are Internationally Known. The Picture Is Entitled "Between Two Worlds."

Largest Ancient Cemetery Yet Uncovered in Italy Reveals Numerous "Columbaria," or "Dovecotes," in Which the Great Families Interred the Humble Members of Their Households, Their Freedmen and Their Favorite Slaves

ROME, Jan. 12.

THE largest ancient burial ground ever unearthed in Italy has just been uncovered on the "Sacred Island" in the delta of the Tiber. It lies between the very old city of Ostia and the later Port of Rome constructed by the Emperor Trajan more than 1800 years ago. Between 400 and 500 tombs have been found on both sides of the old road formerly connecting the two harbors.

The inscriptions, plaques and carvings on the tombs show that they were those of the middle and lower class Roman citizens, freedmen and slaves. Many of the tombs, the inscriptions indicate, were erected by the great Roman families for their pauper relatives and the humble members of their households. Wealthy patrons here buried physicians, artisans and tradesmen for whom they had acted as patrons.

A great many "columbaria" have already been excavated. These were great tombs filled with tier after tier of niches, in which were interred the lesser members of a noble household. "Columbaria" meant "dovecotes," so called because of the resemblance. Great families erected these "dovecotes" to take care of their innumerable attendants and slaves.

Individual tombs were also built by noble patrons for their favorite and more intimate followers, such as personal servants, "poor relations" and "in-laws." These in the newly uncovered cemetery bear carvings indicating the rank and calling of the deceased, and usually chiseled inscriptions with the name of the departed and that of the master, patron or head of the household.

The architecture of the newly found tombs on the "Sacred Island" identifies them with the glorious days of Trajan and Hadrian. The period saw the highest development of ornamental architecture. Even on the poorest of the newly unearthed tombs the grandiose architecture of the period is imitated.

That these tombs were obviously built for tradesmen and workingmen is demonstrated by the numerous marble inscriptions preserved over the entrance ways. Almost all the tombs have kept intact their vaulting, the travertin lintels and jams, the stone coffins, the funeral urns and the original terra cotta decorations. Travertin is extensively used, as it was a stone quarried nearby and was in great demand in those times for building purposes. It was a light yellow rock which hardened on exposure to the weather.

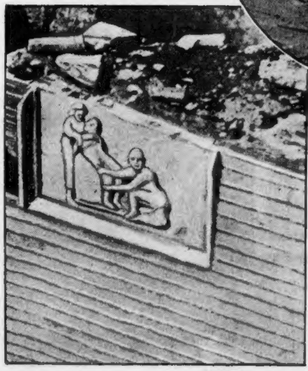
The discovery of the interesting old graveyard was made possible through Premier Mussolini's extensive program of draining and reclaiming the marshes on the outskirts of Rome. This particular section had been turned over to the Italian National Ex-Combatants' League, which corresponds in a general way to the American Legion in this country. The Italian Legionaires were digging up the ground for vegetable patches. While preparing their plots for onions, lettuce and broccoli the war veterans ran across numerous specimens of ancient brick work, travertin cornices and other historic treasures.

With the Italian's reverence for his country's traditions, work on the gardens was stopped and the Governmental Archeological Department called in. These experts soon established that a find of rare archeological importance had been made. Besides the tombs themselves, sculptures, statues, mosaics and other treasures were soon brought to light.

Although the sculptures are not of a value comparable to some other finds, and neither jewels nor golden treasure has been found, the Italian archeologists are highly pleased with their discoveries of decorative mosiacs and carved marble as representative of scenes of everyday life eighteen centuries ago. The inscriptions and carvings depicting scenes from the lives of the deceased, humble members of that half-forgotten society, are declared to be of the highest archeological value.

One of the most interesting of the tombs so far revealed is that of a surgeon. It will be remembered that in the days of ancient Rome even the most skilled physicians and surgeons were likely to be slaves or freedmen who had been slaves. The profession of medicine had not attained the dignity it now has.

This particular surgeon's tomb bears on either side of the entrance a plaque illustrating difficult operations performed in the life of the deceased. One plaque shows a very frank obstetrical operation, the other the surgeon operating on the right leg of a woman. The woman is seated in a chair, a nurse supporting her from the rear while the physician kneels before her. Both scenes are carved in marble in high relief.



Plaque Beside the Tomb of an Ancient Physician, Showing Him Performing an Operation on a Woman's Leg.

Social customs of Rome in the dawn of Christianity are revealed by the double tomb of the noble Claudius Eutichus and Memnonidus, whom Claudius freed. Memnonidus evidently had once been a galley slave, as next to the entrance to his grave is carved a miniature galley, with helmsman and three oarmen. Still another interesting tomb is that of a miller, with terra cotta plaques illustrating his work, one of them an oven with loaves of bread piled inside.

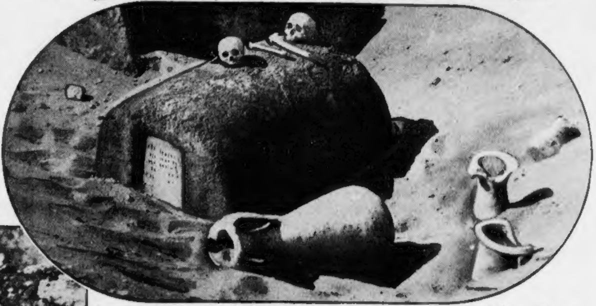
Even tombs of the very poorest people were included in this historic cemetery. Some could only afford rude mounds of stone, without any carvings or decorations outside of the name. The extremely poor were tucked away in mere holes, tier upon tier, something like the cells in a beehive. Funeral urns abound in this necropolis, as cremation was extensively practised by the old Romans, and the ashes of the departed were buried in the common cemeteries with the same ceremonies as accorded the unburned bodies.

Two Niches in a Newly Excavated "Columbarium," or "Dovecote," Where the Great Families Buried Their Poor Relations and Favorite Freedmen and Slaves.

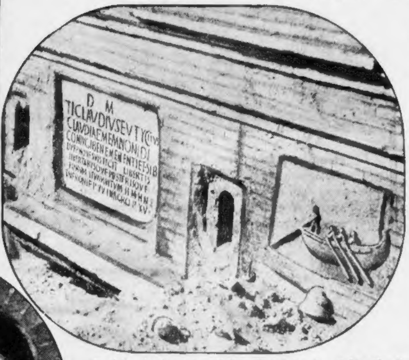
But however poor and meagre the interiors of the tombs, the exteriors invariably copied the splendid architecture and ornamentation of the finest monuments of the golden epoch of Trajan and Hadrian.

In addition to the tombs themselves, a number of other interesting objects have been found in their midst and the Italian archeologists are confident that more rare finds will be made. Some of these art treasures undoubtedly came from the Port of Rome built by Trajan. The most important so far turned up by the spades of the archeologists are two statues of the Hellenistic school, one representing a satyr extracting a thorn from the foot of another satyr, the other depicting a child on horseback with a slave leading the horse. Two smaller statues apparently represent Spring and Autumn.

When the importance of this historical discovery became apparent, the Italian Government stopped the work of the Legionaires in planting gardens. A number of farm houses had already been erected on the site of the old cemetery before it became known that archeological treasures lay underneath. But a large area is still open to exploration and excavation. If the Government scientists decide it is necessary to tear down these newly erected structures in order to bring to light more of ancient Rome's glory, this undoubtedly will be done. Premier Mussolini has stated that he will spare no effort to uncover every possible vestige of Italy's splendid past.



The Tomb of a Poor Family, Still Unexcavated. Around It Are Scattered Funeral Urns and the Bones of Even Poorer People, Who Were Interred Under a Few Inches of Earth Without Any Tomb.



Realistic Carving of a Galley Placed by the Noble Claudius Eutichus Beside the Tomb of the Freedman, Memnonidus, Who Had Once Been His Galley Slave.

Already the discoveries made on the "Sacred Island" have focussed attention on the burial customs of the old empire in the early days of Christianity. Of course, the methods of interring the dead changed with time.

Burial was not permitted within the city walls and the cemeteries were generally located along the principal highways leading from the city. Thus the burial places were an almost continuous chain of monuments, built in all manner of shapes and sizes, such as great altars, small shrines, pyramids, round towers and ordinary tombs. The exteriors of these structures were adorned with commemorative or symbolic carvings, and the interiors, which may have been wholly above the surface or partly sunk beneath, were chambers surrounded by niches in which were placed the bodies or the funeral urns containing the ashes of the departed.

Often the monument chamber stood somewhat back from the road, leaving space for a large semicircular seat of stone open to the public to use, its back wall being inscribed with some statement of honor to the family owning the monument. Around the sepulchre was a space of ground planted with shrubs and trees, surrounded by a low wall.

If the body was to be cremated, somewhere near on an open level the funeral pyre was built, generally of pine logs, with the interstices stuffed with pitch, brushwood or other inflammable material. The pyre took the shape of an altar, and cypress branches, the Roman symbol of death and mourning, stood against the side.

On the summit of this pile was laid the body of the deceased. Incense and unguents were shed over it. Wreaths and other offerings, often of no little value, were cast upon the heap. While loud cries of lamentation were being raised by the company present, a near kinsman approached the pyre with a torch and, turning his face away, set fire to the whole structure. It rapidly burned down, the last embers being quenched with wine as the whole company present thrice cried "farewell!"

Except for the nearest relatives, the mourners then returned to the city. The relatives who stayed took off their shoes, washed their hands and proceeded to gather up the bones, which they cleaned in wine and milk, and the ashes, which they mixed with perfume. These remains were then placed in an urn of bronze, marble, alabaster or perhaps of colored glass, and the urn reverently put away in one of the niches in the chamber of the monument.

Of course, the lower the condition of the deceased, the less elaborate were the funeral ceremonies. The scene at the cemetery, in the case of high born and wealthy corpses, was the culmination of three to eight days of mourning and ceremonies in the city. In the case of the very poor, the rites at the grave were scant enough, sometimes consisting of little more than stowing away the body or ashes as prosaically as a nameless derelict today is planted in the potter's field.

Simple ceremonies, however, were held over the bodies of the poor who had friends and relatives. These people could not afford to use unguents and keep their dead in state for many days. They could not afford real cypress trees, but used cheaper substitutes if anything at all. They could not afford all the processionists and paraphernalia of the undertaker, but must be satisfied with four commonplace bearers, who hurried away the corpse in the evening or early morning, not on a couch but in a cheap box, and carried it out to the designated necropolis. Seldom could they afford the fuel to burn the body, and in many cases it was simply thrown into a pit roughly dug and there left without monument.

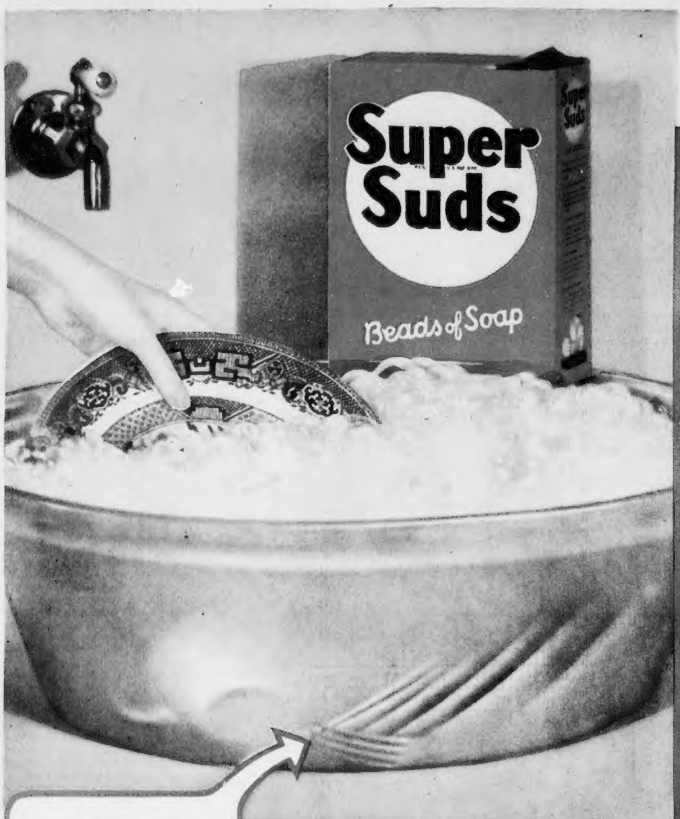
To secure more respect and decency in the handling of their dead, there were many burial clubs, whether connected with the trade guilds or not, and these procured a joint tomb of the kind known as a "dovecote" or columbarium.

These co-operative sepulchres were underground vaults. Many of them are among the monuments just excavated along the old Ostia road on the "Sacred Island."

For this reason, the Italian archeologists hail the discovery. They want to know more about the clever physician, the humble miller, the freed galley-slave and their fellow sleepers on the "Sacred Island."

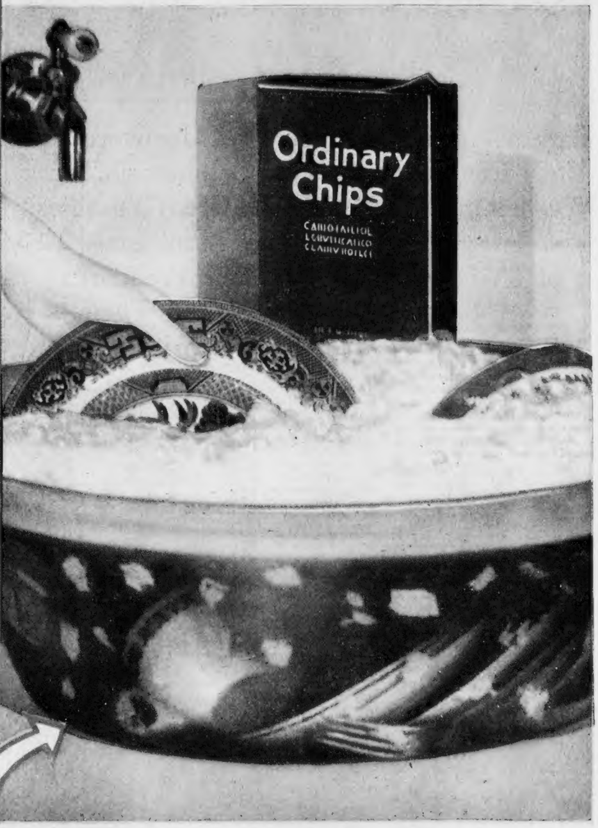
Like magic...the camera tells difference between Super Suds *and* Chips

*Photographs taken through glass dishpans prove that chips stay gummy, half dissolved, while Super Suds floods the dishpan with instant, lasting suds.



Fast-Dissolving Lasting Super Suds

Bead soap in action. Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.



Slow-Dissolving Ordinary Chips

Slow-dissolving chips. This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

HERE is a startling revelation of the difference between dishwashing soaps. The first photographs ever taken that reveal exactly how soaps act below the surface of the water... down where the real job of dishwashing is done.

Just one glance and you see instantly why slow-dissolving chips and flakes make dishwashing greasy and drudgy. Why Super Suds—the instant-dissolving "bead" soap—speeds up dishwashing—makes it easier, daintier, faster!

Tests prove superiority of Super Suds

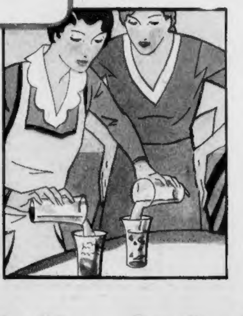
In the dishpan photographed at the right, a well-known chip soap was used. In the dishpan at the left—Super Suds. Water of the same temperature was added to both. Then the photographs were taken. Simultaneously. Under identical conditions. But just notice the amazing difference!

In the chip soap pan, the camera reveals, the water underneath the suds is clogged with gummy flakes of soap. Able to give only half-hearted help, because only half dissolved. No wonder dishwater gets greasy. No wonder jellied particles of soap are forever sticking to dishes.

Now look at the Super Suds pan. Notice how, *in the same length of time*, every tiny Super Suds bead has dissolved *completely*. Flooding every drop of water in the pan with rich, lasting soapiness.

Make this test

Make this test in glasses, to prove for yourself what goes on in your dishpan. Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass. A teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Now fill both glasses half full with water. ***Instantly,*** you get the same result shown in the dishpan pictures above. It's this instant, all-through-the-water-soapiness that makes Super Suds so much faster!



This is exactly the way these soaps act in your dishpan. Slow-dissolving chips and flakes delay dishwashing. Allow dishwater to get greasy. Instant-dissolving Super Suds speeds up dishwashing. Saves your time in these 3 ways. 1. Saves waiting for suds. 2. Prevents greasy dishwater. 3. Rinses away so perfectly that dishes drain dry without wiping.

Not chips, flakes nor powder

No other soap can help you like Super Suds, because Super Suds is the first instant-dissolving dishwashing soap ever made. It's not chips, flakes nor powder. It's tiny hollow beads with walls 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake. Therefore 4 times faster. Just try this modern speed soap. See how much time it saves you! Your grocer has Super Suds.

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*These tests were made under identical conditions. ½ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ½ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

6376.

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢

Her Famous Figure Old Fashioned—Nobody Wants Her

How the Style of No-Bust-No-Hips Reduced to Poverty Frankie Bailey, New York's Most Highly Paid Chorus Girl With the "Million Dollar Legs"

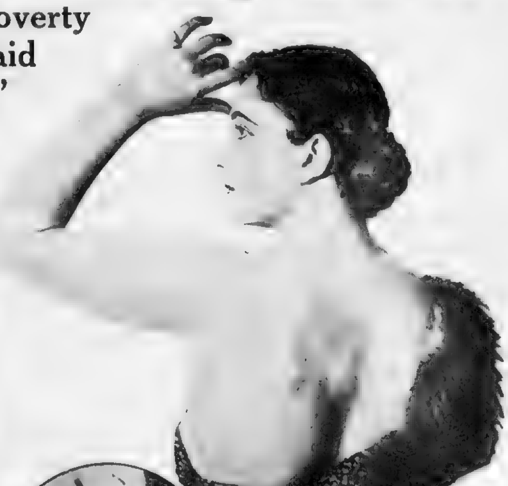


Photo Sarony

The Fashion of Fifteen Years Ago of Naked Arm and Shoulder and Exposed Back.

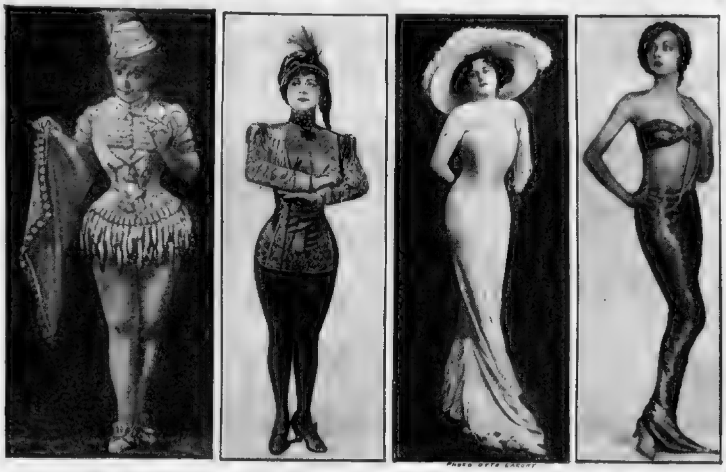


Photo Otto Sarony

Four Steps in the Evolution of the Fashionable Feminine Figure in the Last Forty Years.

Fay Templeton, Whose Generous Proportions Were Greatly Admired When Hips and Busts Were in Fashion.

Frankie Bailey, a Less Exaggerated and Better Balanced Figure, Which Was Regarded as "Perfect."

Then, After the Plump "Merry Widow" Girls, the Popular Style Showed Nature's Curves Modified.

Then Came the Hipless, Flat-Chested Figure Which Is Now Passing Out.

ANY ambitious woman with the money and necessary time can keep up with the changing fashions of clothes. But when the style penetrates deeper and requires radical change of the form and figure which nature provided—it is not always possible to satisfactorily change with the changing mode. And so it is that Frankie Bailey, who once drew a salary of $500 a week, the most highly paid chorus girl in New York, is reduced to penury.

At the height of her fame, years ago, she was known as the girl "with the million-dollar legs." In those days people paid an extra price for a front row seat to see a well developed bust and broad hips. Frankie Bailey's fame and high salary were earned because it was recognized that in nature's generous upholstery she seemed to have precisely the perfect balance of bust, hips, legs and feet.

Frankie Bailey had no difficulty in keeping up with the changing styles of dress. She held her supremacy through the various changes until the fashion demanded something much more difficult than a change of dressmaking—a change of the human form underneath the clothes. The change was such a revolution and so unthinkable that it had happened before the astonished victim, the girl with the perfect figure, could make herself realize that her million dollar legs were "junk."

She had seen strange types of chorus girls, known as "ponies," "broilers," "chickens," "squabs" and "wrens," appearing on the stage, but not until these settled down into the bobbed-haired, boyish form and she heard her own type referred to scornfully as "old horses" could she understand that the "eternal feminine" had been physically made over, like an old-fashioned dress.

When Frankie Bailey went on the stage a perfect female figure was as definite a thing as a silver dollar, and it had not changed much for thousands of years. A girl on a Kansas farm did not have to exhibit herself to a beauty expert to know if she would do in a Broadway chorus. It was only necessary to go over herself in several important places with a tape measure and compare her dimensions with those of the Venus de Milo, frequently pictured in those days more than 30 years ago. If she was close to the Venus measurements, there was a job waiting for her provided, of course, that she had a reasonably good-looking face. The dancing and singing could be taught.

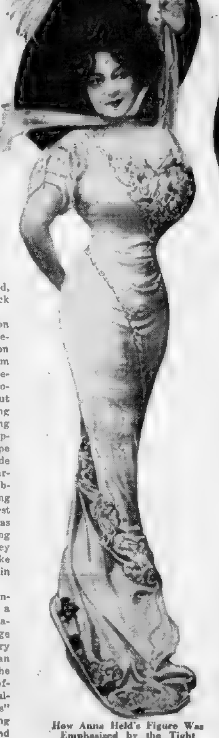
Frankie happened to have just the build that everyone agreed was the perfect womanly woman type, and up to that time nobody had dreamed that man would ever pay to look at any other type. She was lucky, too, in possessing an attractive face, winning smile and a personality that always got over the footlights. It did not take long for a lady so blessed to rise until she became a fixed feature of all the Weber and Fields shows at $500 a week, equivalent to $1,000 today, and was known throughout the country as the woman with the most beautiful legs in the world.

All this was an honest gift of Nature coming to Frankie without effort. She never dieted, took exercise or did anything else to make or preserve that figure except to buy her own tights and spend half an hour getting into them properly. It was a durable figure, too, and though her face has aged, she still retains most of that figure today at the age of seventy-one. It is not worn out, it is just obsolete, for she had the misfortune to outlive the ancient Venus ideal and see it junked. But Miss Bailey says it is already well started on its way back from the junk pile, and in not more than two generations, the well-upholstered, rounded, womanly type of woman will be back in her old place of favor.

Looking back on this revolution which dethroned her, Miss Bailey believes it was caused by the revolution in dress which, in turn, was a symptom of woman's emancipation. Woman decided to come out of her shell altogether, not only from the home but out of her clothes too. As the stripping process slowly progressed something became painfully apparent to the strippers. In the case of the womanly type of woman with distinctive curves, wide hips and large bust, it could not be carried very far without shocking the public sense of decency. However, young girls could appear in the skimpiest bathing suits, even trunks, such as their brothers wore, without offending the eye. The reason was that they looked like their little brothers and like the sexless school mannekins used in physiology courses.

It all simmered down to this principle—a nude woman is vulgar but a nude child is cute. With that limitation before them, the directors of stage spectacles soon worked out the theory that the more a woman resembled an undeveloped child, the further she could be stripped without giving offense. The ultimate result was the almost naked, boyish-formed "Follies" girl on the stage, the one-piece bathing suit on the beach, the knee skirt and stockingless legs on the street and the backless evening gown. From all of this Miss Bailey points out that the pendulum of fashion is now swinging away. Even the bathing suit, though as revealing as ever, is now being discretely covered with beach pajamas.

When Frankie Bailey was a little girl she remembers that decollette had become not only daring but alarming, cut so low in front that the well-fed ladies of the time, with their ample busts, looked as if a sneeze or even a deep breath might cause them to overflow the tops of their gowns. The dress could go no lower in front without being vulgar, but venturesome costumers found that it could be cut away under each arm or both and was more effective with one shoulder low and the other high. The unclad arm was one of the early intermediate steps in woman's almost complete emergence from the ancient chrysalis of her clothes, but when she first discarded sleeves, she covered her arms for a while with long kid gloves, which her men folk admitted were not only modest but unreasonably expensive.



How Anna Held's Figure Was Emphasized by the Tight Lacing of a Carefully Constructed Corset.

Photo Alfred Cheney Johnston

The Thin, Almost Emaciated Arm of a Show Girl, When the Vogue of the Under-Nourished Figure Was at Its Height.

Having worked around the shoulders, the designers reached the back and, for the first time, seemed to realize that here were almost unlimited possibilities of exposure. Before long, evening dresses came to be built like a tugboat, having the necessary minimum height in front and then dropping to almost nothing at all in the rear.

Before Frankie Bailey's day there was a period of extremely exaggerated hips and busts, with wasp like waists. This style, almost a caricature of the female form divine, was well represented by the once greatly admired Fay Templeton, and its equivalent in clothes was the grotesque bustle, without which Frankie's mother, or any other self-respecting woman of the era, would not have permitted herself to even come to the front door. In the forever famous Floradora sextette the girls were tall but "willowy," pounds lighter in thighs and hips, and with not very conspicuous busts. That was the Edna Goodrich type, but was the rage only for a few seasons.

Stage directors, groping around to apply that dictum that childlike figures could do no wrong on the stage, decided that England had made the big discovery. London producers had invented "pony ballets," consisting of tiny little women, with a "baby stare." "Ponies" were imported in hordes, making a great hit for a quite a while, romping over the stages of Europe and America, shaking their manes and prancing off with a last, fascinating, backward kick and alluring roll of head and eyes.

Again the public grew tired, and the managers tried to analyze the situation. The ponies were children in size, face and expression but not in figure, which, though small, was rather mature. They tried tall, thin girls, not very different from the recent "Follies" products, but this was ahead of its time, too sudden a change, and not appreciated.

Photo Sarony

Another Example of the First Step in the Present Fashion of Exploiting Arms, Shoulder and the Back.

"Big horses back again, only they have starved them, this time," muttered the public and its grumblings were heard and heeded. There was a frantic search for something else and the tall, thin ones were advised to return to the kitchen, farm, restaurant, department store or wherever they came from. Then began the reign of the "squab," which still survives in the by-no-means fossil form of Ann Pennington.

Small, dainty, alert little creatures were the squabs, much smaller than the horses, but less feminine in build than the ponies and no baby stare. With the squab appeared the "broiler." There was very little outward difference between the two, but the squab, like its surviving example, Miss Pennington, could dance or sing or do some specialty pretty well while the broiler mostly strutted and posed. This made a difference in salary and a big difference in back stage social standing. Anna Held, who was small herself, though built on quite feminine lines, surrounded herself with squabs and did her best to prolong their vogue.

About that time, though short skirts and half pound bathing suits had not yet appeared, the rising feminine generation was showing its mutinous disposition by putting its elbows on the table, crossing its legs, refusing to sit up straight and walking with the "ingenue slouch" to its mother's dismay. "Chickens," a stage term that spread to the general public at that time, covered most any shape and size of woman and meant only that she was very young.

The last of the stage poultry, growing ever slimmer, was the "wren." According to Miss Bailey the "wren" displaced nobody in particular but was a welcome novelty. A wren was of medium height and her coloring did not matter. She was a sort of Irene Castle; above all things she must be smart. Billie Allen and Vera Maxwell were notable wrens.

It was Mrs. Castle, with her bobbed hair and boyish shape, as thin as a bean pole, who by her own smartness introduced the boyish form perhaps more than any other person did. She was even thinner than the "starved horses" who had been rejected, but the public was now ready, so the "Follies" girl fed bones and the girls trimmed down to them, if they could.

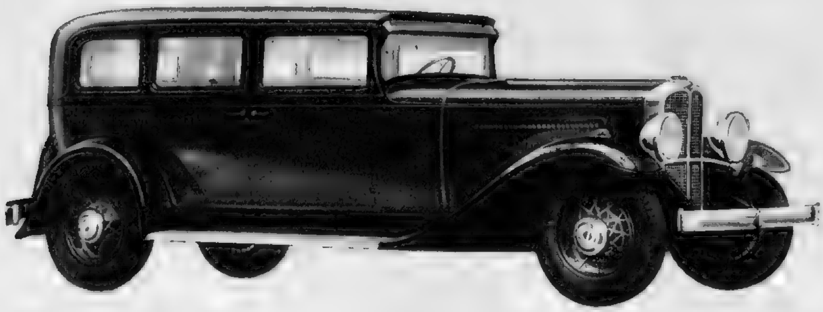
[illegible] the frankly unfeminine boy[illegible] [illegible] not [illegible] and it had been proved that only the [illegible] form could go [illegible] unclothed and get away with it. There was [illegible] woman to do [illegible] required line or be [illegible]. Of course, many were [illegible] it. Some, [illegible] Miss B[illegible] did not try and [illegible]

Youth [illegible] had at every time of [illegible] truly a [illegible] full of youth [illegible] the beach [illegible] which were [illegible]. This [illegible] older women to [illegible] figure meant [illegible] fasting. [illegible] the [illegible] glad of [illegible] to have [illegible] but, [illegible] confession of [illegible].

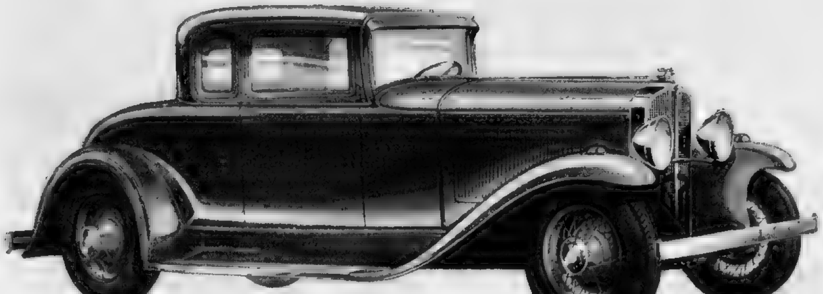
But woman [illegible] herself just to starve, and [illegible] between [illegible] ing half [illegible] Miss Bailey, who [illegible] already winning. [illegible] well down toward [illegible] wear and [illegible] farmer [illegible] should go together [illegible] grown [illegible].

"In [illegible] or twenty years," [illegible] Miss Bailey, "woman will be her normal [illegible] self, which means that she will also be clothed and in her right mind."

Fisher craftsmanship brings beauty . . style and comfort to Oakland - Pontiac . . . TWO FINE CARS



The Oakland Eight Custom Sedan



The Pontiac Sport Coupe

New bodies by Fisher of outstanding comfort, roominess, style and enduring value are available on the two new fine cars which Oakland-Pontiac offers 1931 motor car buyers.

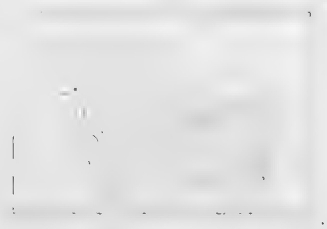
Exterior lines are pleasing, distinguished and in the latest mode, with rich and tasteful color harmonies. Interiors are finished in high quality fabrics of mohair and whip cord. They are spacious, with wide roomy seats inclined at restful angles, and fitted with easy cushions that assure luxurious riding comfort. In every detail of appointment they provide a uniformly high standard of quality.

Fisher's composite wood and steel construction makes the bodies safe, quiet and durable. In opening and closing doors you sense the solidity and staunch construction which Fisher craftsmanship provides.

Because of General Motors' resources and purchasing economies, Oakland presents these two fine cars at new low prices.

Front pillar and non-glare VV windshield—You find (1) a staunch pillar running from sill to roof with one-piece steel pillar cover—no possibility of weakness or leaks. The non-glare windshield (2) makes night driving safer by eliminating dazzling reflections. And (3) complete and instant control of ventilation. Examine these exclusive Fisher features.

Spacious and inviting interiors—Inspect the interior thoroughly. In Oakland and Pontiac Bodies by Fisher you find generous roominess, luxurious comfort, elegance. High grade upholstery fabrics are used throughout—for side and head linings as well as for seat cushions. And note the restful comfort of the seat cushions—Fisher controls exclusively the new type springs which prevent sagging and do it at no sacrifice of resiliency or comfort.



Real comfort for every driver—The Fisher adjustable driver's seat moves (1) forward and back through a range of three inches, to accommodate the individual driver. Easy and convenient adjustment—merely turn the accessible handle (2). Here is an assurance of genuine comfort. Look for it and insist on it in any car you examine.

McClelland Barclay

BODY
by
FISHER

PONTIAC

Throughout these cars, there is freshness of style, richness of finish, a uniform tone of excellence. New beauty is inherent in the long, sweeping lines. The handsome "V" radiator with inbuilt screen and the massive single-bar bumpers are distinctive.

Oakland's 85 h. p. V-Eight motor, inherently quiet, delivers brilliant power. Syncro-Mesh gears make shifting practically effortless. The rigid 5-bar frame and the rugged axle are heavier, stronger.

Pontiac's big 60 h. p. motor offers economy, power, quick acceleration. A lengthened wheelbase permits spacious bodies. Brakes are large—easy, sure to operate. Unusual riding comfort is achieved by balanced design and rubber cushioning at more than 40 points.

Your Oakland-Pontiac dealer will take pride in demonstrating these fine cars. Only tremendous resources, capacity and efficiency of Oakland-Pontiac, backed by all General Motors can explain these values.

Sturdy roof construction—There is safety and strength in the bow-and-slat type roof (1) which Fisher builds into every Pontiac and Oakland closed car (2) Rigid braces of heavy steel secure it to the body frame. And (3) its strong steel corner braces reinforce the entire body structure. Be sure to get strength, stability and safety in the roof of your car.

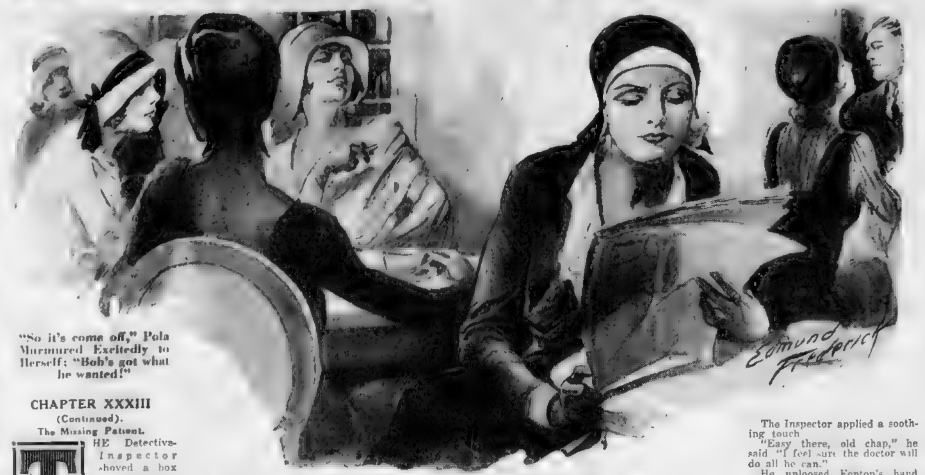
Strong body panels—Here are the body panels as Fisher makes them—in large, strong units with all mouldings and window reveals formed directly in the metal. Thus, the front pillar cover (1) is formed in a single piece. There are no mouldings to work loose, no exposed joints to open. Fisher panels are stamped from steel faced dies providing a smooth surface that insures a lustrous finish, free from any waves or defects. Compare this construction on a Pontiac or Oakland with other cars in their price field

Staunch hardwood body frame—Strong, tough hardwoods, reinforced with metal braces, make up the staunch framework of Oakland and Pontiac Bodies by Fisher. This construction explains their great strength, resiliency, durability, and quietness—their easy-riding comfort—their unmatched value. Acquaint yourself fully with this construction—insist on getting the value which Fisher bodies assure

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

COLONEL COYLE [illegible] of the [illegible] jewels and [illegible] Russia. In [illegible] ... [illegible] the Polamia.



"So it's come off," Pola Murmured Excitedly to Herself; "Bob's got what he wanted!"

CHAPTER XXXIII
(Continued).
The Missing Patient.

THE Detective-Inspector shoved a box of cigars toward Dr. Carruthers, which the latter refused

"Your suspicions interest me, Doctor What were they?"

"I came to the conclusion that the two men"

"There were two men, then?" asked Meredith sharply

"Yes. The man who said he was the patient's uncle had a companion"

"May I ask his name?"

"He was introduced to me as a Mr. Paul Gervasse."

"Probably a bogus name," commented the Scotland Yard official. But to this the visitor, although he could have given his support to the suggestion, made no reply.

"May I proceed?" he asked.

"Please."

"I was telling you about the suspicions I formed. I came to the conclusion that these two men had been employing me for some unlawful purpose."

Meredith glanced across at Fenton again, and his voice, when he spoke, held a note of restrained triumph.

"I am a bit of a thought-reader, Doctor," he said. "Now, suppose, without asking you to divulge any professional confidence, I got my colleague here," indicating Fenton, "to give a description of your patient. If he supplies certain details, will you either corroborate or refute them?"

"Yes I will do that," was the reply made after some hesitation.

"Now, Fenton"

"Was the girl about 22 years of age?"

"Yes, she might be."

"A lady? Well-bred, I mean?"

"Yes," came the second agreement.

Fenton rose and walked across to where the doctor was sitting.

"Was there anything singular about her hair?"

Carruthers looked up at the question.

"My patient," he said slowly, "although obviously quite young in face, had gray hair"

Fenton, forgetting himself, seized the other's shoulder.

"Where is she now?" he cried. "You've got to tell me! D'you hear? You've got to tell us!"

The Inspector applied a soothing touch

"Easy there, old chap," he said "I feel sure the doctor will do all he can."

He unloosed Fenton's hand from the astonished medical man's shoulder, and addressed Carruthers

"You were quite right in your suspicions, Doctor; unless both my colleague and I are absolutely at sea—and I don't think that can possibly be the case—you have been the means of putting us on to a case, some aspects of which have completely baffled us until now. I want you to understand that this matter is of the gravest importance. That being so, you must please give us the fullest possible details. Omit nothing."

The reply was stiff.

"I will give you every assistance in my power, Inspector, but you must not expect me to divulge any professional information. I have already warned you of this."

"I wouldn't ask you to do anything unprofessional, of course, Doctor—but please allow my colleague to put some further questions to you."

"Very well."

"The man who said your patient was his niece," continued Fenton in a tense voice; "did he look like a college professor?"

"He——" And then the doctor pulled himself up, contenting himself with the remark: "Yes, he might be so described."

Fenton was now hot on the scent

"And his companion—was he a foreigner?"

"He might have been." Carruthers turned to Meredith.

"Please understand, Inspector, that I can go no further than this."

"I think we have gone quite far enough," was the reply. "Where is the girl now?"

"In my nursing home, No. 345 Brook Street."

Meredith closed the interview with a few sharp words of command.

"We must see her at once, Doctor; it is imperative."

The physician looked bewildered.

"To do so," he replied, "and to submit her to any examination, would be a violation of the pledge I gave this man."

"Nevertheless, I must insist upon seeing the girl."

"That, I am afraid, is impossible"

Meredith showed more restraint than Fenton would have thought possible. He himself was seething with impatience.

"I want you to understand the position, Doctor," now said Meredith. "My colleague and I have been engaged for some days past in tracking down a criminal conspiracy against a young lady, who, I am convinced, is none other than your patient. We were up against a blank wall when I

(Continued on Page 20)

"I don't care how old you are... but you must keep Youth!"

SAYS
LEWIS AYRES
Universal Star

YOU CAN ESCAPE THE MASK OF AGE

Here is the complexion secret 98% of the important screen actresses know

"WHAT TYPE do I most admire?" asks Lewis Ayres. "The type doesn't matter much—if she has that radiant charm I can't resist—*youth*.

"The lovely stars know how vital youth is, and how to keep it!"

Indeed they seem to have no birthdays—to be always young, delightful, appealing, no matter how long their list of successes.

"A flawless skin is the secret," they will tell you. *They* use Lux Toilet Soap—and have for years. At their request, this fragrant, very white soap is in theaters everywhere—is official in *all* film studios for the countless Hollywood, Broadway, European stars.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Universal, says: "For the very smooth skin an actress must have, Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful. I am devoted to it."

MARY NOLAN, Universal, says: "Lovely skin is essential. I always use Lux Toilet Soap to guard my skin."

BARBARA KENT, Universal, another of the 605 screen actresses devoted to this white soap, says: "It's such a lovely soap."

NORA LANE, Universal, says of fragrant Lux Toilet Soap: "It's marvelous for the flawless skin the close-ups demand."

The caress of dollar-a-cake French soap Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

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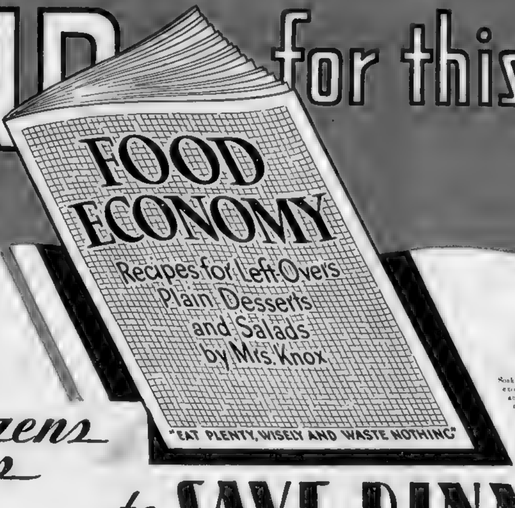


Learn dozens of ways to SAVE DINNER DOLLARS

TOMATO JELLY (Illustration A)

(8 Servings)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
3½ cups canned tomatoes
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
Few grains salt
Stalk celery
Few grains cayenne

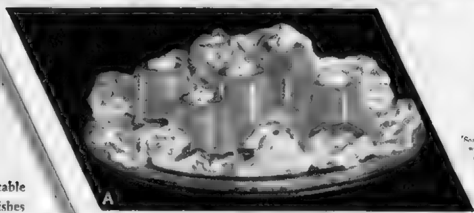
Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing, or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. Dressing may be forced through a pastry bag and tube.

RICE BAVARIAN CREAM (Illustration B)

(6 Servings)

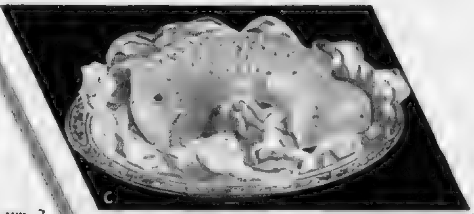
1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoonful salt
1 cup cooked rice
1 cup heavy cream or evaporated milk
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in cold water [illegible] over hot water. Add to hot [illegible] sugar, salt and vanilla. Beat well. [illegible] to thicken, add whipped cream or [illegible] rated milk. Turn into wet mold or pile in [illegible] glasses. Serve with a fruit or a chocolate sauce.



A

B



C

D

SALMON LOAF (Illustration C)

(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
Yolks of two eggs
1 teaspoonful salt
1½ tablespoonfuls melted butter
¾ cup milk
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or lemon juice
1 can salmon, tuna or crabmeat
1 teaspoonful mustard
Few grains cayenne or paprika

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix egg yolks, slightly beaten, with salt, mustard and cayenne, then add butter, milk and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine and salmon separated into flakes. Turn into wet mold, chill, and remove to bed of crisp lettuce leaves.

LEFT OVER MEAT LOAF (Illustration D)

Take two cups of any left-over stock, bouillon or diluted gravy, bring to the boiling point and add two level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in one-half cup cold water about five minutes. When mixture begins to stiffen, add two cups of any cold chopped meat at hand (veal, ham, beef or chicken). Also mold in a little red or green pepper, celery, onion (if desired), or parsley. Turn into a wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and garnish with sliced cooked eggs and sliced tomatoes.

SUPPOSE you could learn of dozens and dozens of ways to save table money? Suppose you could learn of recipes that make generous dishes from such small left-overs as 2 cups of meat or vegetables . . . or from such inexpensive foods as a bowl of rice, a cup of juice or a few bananas? Wouldn't you like to have a book to tell you all these little kitchen secrets? Wouldn't you like to save all those dollars?

In these days of food economy, thousands of thrifty housewives are saving table money and surprising even touchy appetites with the help of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. They are telling us that the Knox Gelatine book FOOD ECONOMY is showing them how to use left-overs which are so small as to be a problem . . . yet which are large enough to make generous, attractive dishes with Knox Gelatine. They are telling us that they are discovering ways to make everyday foods go farther in a great variety of new-tasting dishes.

You can do all these things with Knox Gelatine because it is the plain, pure gelatine . . . without coloring, or sweetening or flavoring to interfere with the *natural* taste of the foods you use. You can make an unending variety of glorious desserts and salads and meat and vegetable dishes because Knox Gelatine is so easy to use and combines so perfectly with other foods. And you can make one package do so much. Each contains enough gelatine for 4 different dishes for 4 different meals, 6 servings a dish. That is why you should be sure always to buy only the pure *unsweetened, unflavored, uncolored* gelatine . . . Knox Gelatine. Be sure to mail us the coupon today for our book, FOOD ECONOMY and secure also the famous Knox book, DAINTY DESSERTS AND SALADS . . . they will be invaluable to you and the dishes will be the most delicious you ever tasted. Meantime, try the recipes which are suggested here . . . but be sure to send the coupon today. Why not mail it right now?

KNOX GELATINE, JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.

How to Use Evaporated Milk in Making Whipped Cream

WHIPPED EVAPORATED MILK

Soak one-half teaspoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine in two teaspoonfuls cold water about five minutes. Boil the unopened can (6-ounce can) evaporated milk in a dish of water ten minutes. Remove from fire, open can and while hot stir the soaked gelatine in the can of milk to dissolve. Turn into a chilled dish and allow to become thoroughly cold. Add confectionery sugar and flavor to taste. Whip until stiff. Note: If allowed to stand a few minutes before serving this will thicken. If a heavy whipped cream is desired, increase the gelatine to one teaspoonful soaked in one tablespoonful cold water, and proceed as above.

KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

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301 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Send me your two books, "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads"

Name..

Address...

My grocer's name....................................

The Reluctant Dawn

by Hazel Christie Macdonald

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Loved but Once

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DANGERFIELD HOUSE, ancestral Long Island home of the fascinating but spendthrift Dangerfields is little disturbed by the news of almost [illegible] ruin brought by John Sherman, old and [illegible] of the family. Richard [illegible] wheeled-chair [illegible] the house, whose [illegible] ments have brought about the calamity, takes the loss lightly.

His elder son and daughter set out to acquire money by the only way they know—to marry it. Handsome and super[illegible] Grayson marries Priscilla Lambert, a rich widow much older than himself. Emily—Richard's beautiful, sophisticated and selfish daughter—announces her engagement to Arthur Ne[illegible] millionaire war hero. Emily is as calculating as she is beautiful and does not intend that her marriage shall interfere with her love affair with Allan Kent.

Brook, Richard's [illegible] daughter, is recalled from a French convent for Emily's wedding. Crossing the [illegible] [illegible] dark and [illegible]

Arthur [illegible] unknown [illegible]

When [illegible] his [illegible] that her sister is marrying the man she [illegible]

Brook throws herself into the [illegible] was [illegible] who has been seeing Allan surreptitiously for some time.

Brook goes to see Emily late at night only to find that she has left the house. Suspecting that Emily is with Allan, she drives to their usual rendezvous and finds them prepared to elope, Emily having left a note for Arthur to that effect. As Brook follows them a muffled crash comes to her ears. The car is a wreck when she reaches it, with Allan dead and Emily dazed.

Brook hurries Emily home and when Arthur returns tells him that she [illegible] his wife on her way to Dangerfield House, drove her back and that as Emily was getting out she slipped on the running board and fell. Emily dies shortly afterward.

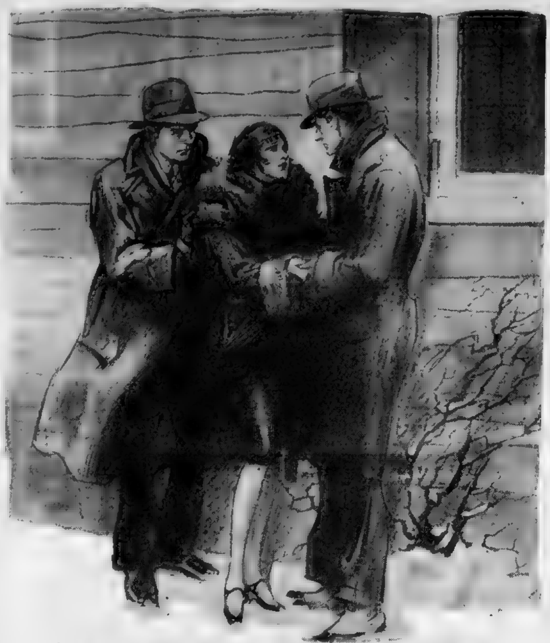
John Sherman passes the scene of the wreck a few minutes later and finds Emily's dressing case beneath Allan's body. He hastens to Arthur as soon as he hears about Emily and the butler gives him [illegible] letter to her husband. John reads it and realizes what Brook has done to keep scandal from her sister's name; furthermore, that he and Brook are the only ones who know the whole truth.

Brook's gay recklessness increases and Arthur [illegible] the girl.

[illegible] Braddock [illegible] complete [illegible]

[illegible] Sherman's lawyer [illegible] Braddock, that when he tried to blackmail her she determined to shoot him and did so with her own revolver, a .38-calibre, which she later concealed.

At the trial a witness for the State testifies that Braddock owned no .38-calibre revolver.



"No weeping, my dear," Said Leland. "Let Arthur remember you smiling." So Brook Looked Up, and There Was a Smile Beyond the Tears.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Clouds Thicken.

IN the courtroom a hush fell as Roy Burton took his place on the witness stand.

He described his work as being similar to that of Mr. Natanza. He said that he had been present at the Golden Dog when the incident described by Mr. Natanza had taken place, and that he was familiar with Leslie Braddock's superstition about the number 11. And as he said it, one had, as one had had with his predecessor on the stand, the feeling that he was telling the truth, and nothing but the truth.

But Burton's testimony went further. Three or four days after the incident at the Golden Dog, Leslie Braddock had told Burton he would not need him, or Tony, the next day, for he was going some place where three would be a bit too many. In other words, Leslie Braddock was calling on a lady.

Burton was astonished; his employer had gone to call on ladies before, and his henchmen had accompanied him. But Leslie Braddock had explained that this was different; he was not going to see any female whose skirts had become a trifle muddy on her journey along the road of life. He was calling on Miss Brook Dangerfield of Dangerfield House! Burton had been surprised; he asked his employer how long he had known Miss Dangerfield, but Braddock had laughed and said, it wasn't how long but how well, that really mattered! And the next day Leslie Braddock had gone to Dangerfield House and had never returned alive!

This was Burton's testimony and it seemed quite enough. Enough to prove, at any rate, that Brook and the dead man had been acquainted. And this was all McCauley asked.

Toby was called next, and his stay on the stand was unfortunate from the start. For in reply to McCauley's question of whether he knew what happened to people who lied in court, Toby replied that he did.

"If they is quality folks," he said to the attorney, "their conscience bodders dem afterwards!" Which annoyed McCauley and caused him to be more terrible with Toby than ever. But eventually, he drew forth the statement that Leslie Braddock had, on coming to Dangerfield House, said that he was a "friend of Miss Brook's who brought her something." And having further served to jeopardize Brook's cause, Toby was permitted to retire, blubbering.

But as he passed her, Brook smiled faintly at him, and moved her hand, and McCauley remembered it and it caused him to be severe with her later. He was always severe with prisoners who were not only young and beautiful, but who made gestures which might lead the jury to be foolish enough to ignore the testimony and remember only the gesture.

But McCauley did not need to worry. For the stories which came later were quite damning enough to suit him. There was Rosanna, who told of the telephone calls, there was the story of the raided Wesley Holmes Club, there was the matter of the three arrests for speeding, there was the fact that Brook Dangerfield asserted she had never before held a gun in her hand, yet it was known that her younger brother Daniel was in the habit of borrowing guns, upon which the two of them would go off for whole days in the woods.

And so the third day of the trial began.

Breakfasting in bed, Priscilla had determined not to come, because she could not continue to sit and see forged, link by link, the chain that was to hold Brook fettered. But, when the moment came, she was in her old place.

Grayson sat next to her. The old sardonic look had, seemingly, vanished forever from his face; he sat leaning forward, alert, eager, amazingly handsome. But though even Barbara was across the aisle, Grayson never turned; he looked only in front of him, and spoke to no one but Priscilla.

"I really believe," thought John Sherman, "that the sheer happiness of sitting next to her own husband has drawn her here against her will!" And he wondered if these two might not be going to understand one another at last.

Leland sat next to his father; he was nervous, irritable and drawn. Two months earlier, he would have gone out and submerged all his troubles and fears in a steady twenty-four hours of drinking; now he was prevented, not alone by his promise but by the fact that the idea of intoxication had lost its old time charm. And at the discovery that he never would again be the rake he had been, he was a trifle saddened, as if he had heard of the passing of someone with whom he had once spent pleasant and idle hours in a tap-room.

Arthur showed no change; it did not seem possible that he could be paler, thinner, more hunted looking.

Leland looked a great deal at Arthur. "Is it you that Brook loves? And is it Brook that you love?"

And, asking the question, he perceived that he had found the answer to that which had so long puzzled him.

So the third day of the trial opened, and Brook had changed less than any of them within the courtroom's walls. She still sat, in a quietness beyond believing, till towards noon she and Adams, whispering together, seemed to come to some decision, and it became known that the prisoner was going to take the stand. At the news, a ripple of excitement passed over the room, became audible, like the murmuring of bees. And amid this murmuring and the pounding of the Judge's gavel upon his desk, Brook rose and laying her hand upon the Book, swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!

There had been those who insisted that she must be older than she said, that she had never been in a convent, that all ladies who killed gentlemen said they had come from convents, and there was, therefore, no depending on the statement. But these whispers died when Brook sat down in the witness chair and the staring people below her looked up into her face.

They had expected, perhaps, to see charm which had been made possible or, at least, more charming by the thousand and one little artifices which all women use. But here was none of that; here was a girl utterly without color in either cheeks or lips, a girl whose loveliness was in the shaping of her face, in the integrity of her glance, whose beauty grief had saddened and saddening had rendered more beautiful.

And then she began to speak, and answer the questions they asked. She told them her name, and said she had been eighteen years old on her last birthday. And then McCauley, like a cat who is going to destroy the mouse at last, but invites it, for his amusement, to little stabs at liberty in the meantime, said: "And now suppose you tell us, just in your own way, Miss Dangerfield, the story of the 15th of November."

Brook thought for a moment. "I was at home in the morning," she said, "and about nine, just after breakfast, Toby came and told me a friend of mine was downstairs, or rather, a man who said he was a friend or mine. But when I went down, into the living room, I saw a man on whom, to my certain knowledge, I had never laid eyes before."

There was a little excitement at this, but the Judge stilled it instantly, and McCauley, fearing that the mouse might, perhaps, make a stab at liberty that was too realistic, leaned forward.

"You say a man that, to your certain knowledge, you had never laid eyes on before? Upon my word, Miss Dangerfield, we shall have to ask you to explain that, I fear."

She remained patient and quiet as always. "It is true that I had gone to the Golden Dog the week before," she said. "And that Mr. Sherman remembered he had promised to telephone someone, and that, in his absence, a man—it was that Mr. Natanza—asked me to dance with someone. But I did not turn around to look at the person who had sent Mr. Natanza, and so, when I went down to the living room, on the morning of the 15th, I saw—" she hesitated—"I saw Leslie Braddock for the first time in my life!"

McCauley compressed his lips. "This becomes interesting, Miss Dangerfield," he said, and he rubbed a pencil between his palms. "Am I — are the gentlemen in this jury box — to understand that you first saw Leslie Braddock at nine o'clock on the morning of November 15th and that, in the afternoon of the very same day, you shot him dead?"

There was a moment. "Yes," said Brook, then. "I first saw him in the morning and in the afternoon, I shot him dead!"

There was another sensation, but surmounting, and conquering it, came McCauley's question.

"And now, Miss Dangerfield, are we to be favored with the reason for your killing of this man? Are we to have the real reason, I mean, and not any more of this absurdity about killing him to protect yourself from his advances?"

There was no change in her face as he asked the question; she waited merely, till he was done, and then she spoke.

"When the man came, I did not, of course, know his errand. But he told me it was a very simple one. He had come to get money in exchange for something which he knew."

"Ah!" breathed McCauley. "Now we begin to get somewhere! And this 'something which he knew,' as you put it. That something was about you?"

There was another moment, and there could be heard no murmuring in the courtroom now.

"That something," said Brook, and she thought of Allan, of Arthur, "was about me!"

"It was something," said McCauley, coming closer, "that you should not want known by the world at large? It was something disgraceful?"

One of her hands had fallen away a little from the arm of

(Continued on Page 18)

Three steps to Charm

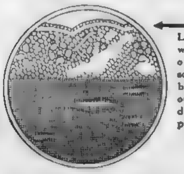
by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"Girls often ask how to be more attractive. Here are three steps to feminine charm . . . (1) Buy the loveliest lingerie you can and keep it as colorful as new, because this helps you to FEEL charming. And if you feel so, you ARE.

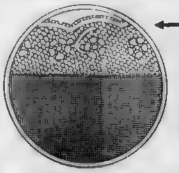
(2) Keep your stockings perfect in color and sheen, for this is a feminine detail which adds to charm. (3) Choose frocks and blouses in your most becoming colors and always keep these colors vibrant with life. Remember, men love color!

'But'—girls often say—'such dainty things fade so soon in washing!' This needn't be so if you use LUX! Lux is made to preserve CHARM of COLOR and to keep delicate things new so long that girls can afford to wear them every day."

BEATRICE FAIRFAX



Lace-trimmed lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap . . not only faded but actually worn-out looking. Lace is damaged, fibres pulled, all charm lost.



Duplicate lingerie, washed 12 times in Lux. There is no fading—lace and silk fibres are perfectly intact—the lingerie is just as colorful and exquisite as new! All its original charm retained!

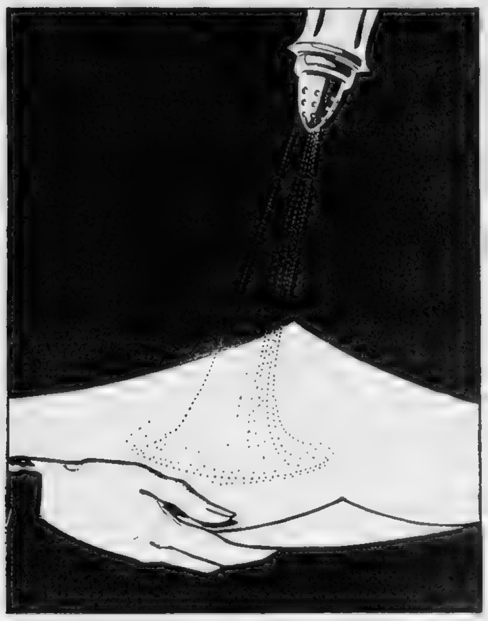
LUX
for all fine laundering
for washing dishes
LUX

". . . Truly this product is woman's great aid to charm."
BEATRICE FAIRFAX

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER . . . IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

Shake it out and HEAR the difference!

Diamond Crystal Salt *is flaked* . . . that's why it is the perfect seasoner



Hold a sheet of paper in your hand, sprinkle Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt on it from a height of two feet or more—and listen. This salt falls like snowflakes—lightly and quietly—because it is the flaked salt.

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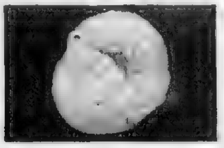
Everyone knows that flakes melt quickly. Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt flakes melt the instant they touch the food. They melt and penetrate—spreading their pure salt flavor evenly through the meat, the vegetables, and all the foods in which salt is used.

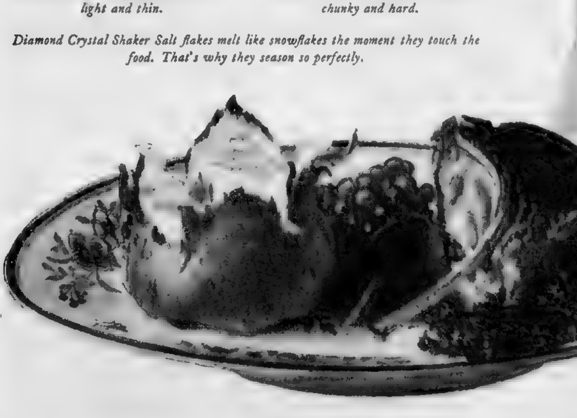
Only Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt can give you this advantage—it is flaked by a patented process. Use it in your kitchen and on your table—its dry little flakes flow freely, rain or shine.

A snowflake melts quickly, because it's light and thin.



A hailstone melts slowly, because it's chunky and hard.

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt flakes melt like snowflakes the moment they touch the food. That's why they season so perfectly.



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The Reluctant Dawn ~ by Hazel Christie Macdonald

(Continued from Page 16)

the chair, and her lips parted. She thought of Emily; she heard that cruel and gay voice, say [illegible] 'I was in hopes you would not be one of the affectionate kind.' And then she put the thought from her, forever, and turned her eyes on McCauley's.

"It was something I should not have wanted known by the world at large," she said. "It was something disgraceful!"

McCauley could hardly contain his delight. "Thank you, Miss Dangerfield," he said. "And now, are we, by any chance, to hear what it was the man knew and wanted to tell?"

He looked at her; she looked at him.

"It is not necessary for you to know it," she said. "It is enough that what he knew was [illegible]."

"Quite right," said McCauley, and he was smiling. "[illegible] not have a [illegible] to tell the Court what the secret was, Miss Dangerfield, seeing that you killed later, to protect that secret."

But she saw the trap he had laid and refused to fall [illegible].

"I did not kill him to keep him from telling," she said. "I tried to buy him; I telephoned my sister in law. I telephoned Mr. Sherman."

"So you did!" said McCauley, "and they were not at home. Which was a pity. But continue the story in your own way."

So she continued, to the point where she had come to the clearing and met the man, and he had taken out the gun and laid it down. McCauley [illegible] smiling faintly and [illegible].

"He asked what you would give him for twelve hours' grace?" he said. "And you struck him and, as he fell, you got the gun and you, retreating before him, told him you would shoot and he [illegible]"

And here McCauley laughed. "Come, come, Miss Dangerfield, this won't do at all! Tell the story over again, and, remembering that you swore to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God, let us have no more of this nonsense!"

But again Adams was on his feet with an objection, and in the midst of it Arthur spoke to Leland. He had been sitting for [illegible] in a curious and strained attitude, listening. He had heard Brook [illegible] and her voice had become terrible to him because [illegible], suddenly, become [illegible]. He tried to tell [illegible] "[illegible] like Emily's" but he [illegible] had never said [illegible] which Brook [illegible]. Yet he had heard them before. He had heard, [illegible], an earnest voice, [illegible]. And, [illegible] Brook [illegible] But [illegible] in the uproar [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] Arthur wanted to [illegible] but he did not. [illegible] that he had held Brook [illegible] and that man [illegible]

They went back, lunch being over, the Judge came in and the dreadful business got under way once more.

And suddenly the State rested.

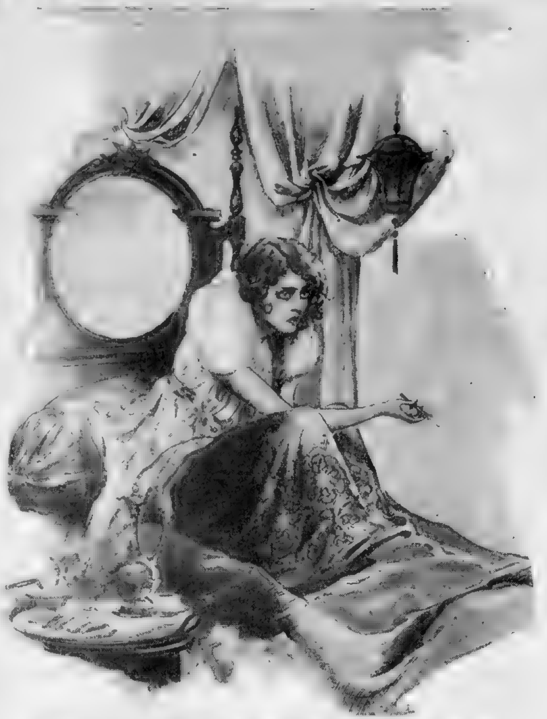
"My poor dear girl," thought John, for he saw that the jury did not look at Brook. "I am afraid to think beyond this minute—"

Both sides were summing up; Adams first, and speaking brilliantly. But McCauley doing what was worse, speaking dangerously. Adams took almost an hour, McCauley took only thirty minutes. But in that thirty he laid before the jury a mass of facts so damning and black that they seemed to smother Adams' cleverness, a cleverness supported by nothing more than Brook's story itself. For McCauley painted Brook as a girl reckless, wayward, a legitimate product of a feverish age; a girl who, seeing herself disgraced and failing to obtain the money which would have silenced Braddock, procured a gun and, going to the clearing, shot him down in the coldest of blood.

And having placed her within the shadow of death as irrevocably as he could, McCauley bowed, sat down, and the Judge stood to charge the twelve men on his left. When suddenly, as he was speaking, an attendant brought a note to him, and the Judge, pausing in his charge, read it and glanced up quickly.

"Open the doors," he said to the men at the back, "and let the person standing there come in."

Every head was turned as they opened the doors and as the man who had been standing outside came down the aisle and paused at last in front of the railing before the bench. There was a number that recognized him as he stood; Detectives Flynn and Flood recognized him; John Sherman, half arising with an exclamation, recognized him. McCauley himself knew him. But the man, oblivious of the stares and the exclamations, looked neither to right nor left, but only into the Judge's face.



Breakfasting in Bed, Priscilla Had Determined Not to Come, Because She Could Not Continue to Sit and See Forged, Link by Link, the Chain That Was to Hold Brook Fettered.

"Put this man under oath," said the Judge, in a tremendous voice. "He has testimony to give, testimony which may be of importance."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Reluctant Dawn.

THE man gave his name as Harlan Shannon, and then swore, as Brook had done earlier, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"On the first of November," he said, "I came out of State's Prison with but one idea in my mind." He paused, went on. "That idea was to get out of the safe of Mr. John Sherman, down at Moorecroft beyond Easthampton, some papers of mine which he held, papers with which he could, at any moment he chose, send me back to prison for the rest of my life!"

There was some excitement among the spectators, and the man waited. John Sherman drew a breath; he began to see, as one sees a faint light at the end of a worm-eaten tunnel, how it was the thing had come about.

"I had no gift for opening safes myself," went on the man, "but I knew someone who had. And that someone was Leslie Braddock, but he had got rather out of the way of doing work of that sort, because he had learned ways so much easier of making money. However, I went to him, and he agreed to try and get the papers for me. And he did. It was not a difficult matter, for John Sherman was abroad, and the house was guarded only by two old fellows who stayed to themselves pretty much in one wing."

He paused. Brook was sitting forward now; she had never taken her eyes from his face.

"He got the papers for me, this Leslie Braddock," went on the man. "But he also got something else. He got a letter!"

Still Brook never took her eyes from his face. It was as if she pleaded with him not to betray the secret of the letter, and it was as if he, without looking at her, understood and obeyed.

"It was a silly letter," said Harlan Shannon. "A silly letter written by a silly woman. But Miss Dangerfield lied when she said it was about something she herself had done, and which was disgraceful. For the letter had nothing to do with Miss Dangerfield at all. It had been written by a friend of hers, a friend whom she had been shielding."

And then, for the first time, Brook lost her quietness.

The man went on. "When Braddock gave me the papers that belonged to me," he said, "he showed me the letter, and told me he was going to keep it. He knew it was a letter capable of causing trouble—between husband and wife—or woman and lover—and I think he kept it out of devilment. But a night or so later Miss Dangerfield came into the Golden Dog with young Mr. Sherman, and something happened that nobody could have counted on, that Braddock had not counted on either. He fell in love with her!"

There was a moment and even the Judge showed himself capable of human astonishment.

"Braddock had never seen her before?" asked the Court.

"No, never," replied Shannon. "Because he not only told me he hadn't, but he sent for the head waiter and asked her name. And then, when Mr. Sherman left the table to telephone, he sent Natanza over to ask her to dance, and she refused without, as she has told you, even looking to see whom or what she was refusing. And I think it was then that the idea of using the letter came into his head."

There was another pause. Even McCauley sat immovable, waiting for the man to go on with his remarkable story. The man went on.

"I think it was then the idea of using the letter came into his head and I think also, that at first Braddock intended to use it only to approach Miss Dangerfield, and force her to notice him. For he was a man that had never known the rebuffs of women. So he went to see her, and I went with him. But I was not worried then, not till after he had seen her and had come out of the house to where I was waiting. And it was then I saw that he was changed; he could talk of nothing but this girl with whom he had just spoken; he could talk of nothing else. He was like a man in a spell of some sort. And that was when I determined to follow him, for I knew him for what he was, with women!"

He stopped, considered, went on, quietly. "He had told me he was to met her at the clearing at two o'clock, and that she was to bring money with her, for the letter. But I saw he was not interested in money; if she succeeded in buying the letter at all, it would be with something that was not money.

"So I went to the clearing before him and I hid in the ruins of the fireplace in the abandoned cabin. He came a few minutes after, looked about the clearing to satisfy himself no one was hidden, but he never looked into the cabin because as he began to come up the two or three broken steps into the room where I was, he saw her coming, and he forgot about going on with the search."

The man waited a bit, continued. "She told him at once that it had been impossible to reach the people who would have helped her, and she asked for more time. But he refused, and then he offered to bargain with her, and in such a way that she struck him! And it was then that he completely lost his head, and she saw what manner of man she had to deal with."

Brook had lowered her face into her trembling hands. There was in her ears a voice that was not the voice of the man on the stand. "Come, set your lips against mine, and ask me to forgive you." But after a minute she could lift her head from her hands, and listen once more.

The man had gone on: "Braddock had taken out a gun when he sat down on the porch beside her. I could see the porch clearly from where I was hiding in the fireplace. And at first his action puzzled me. For I did not know whether he had taken it out because he thought she might have someone watching them, or because, being the sort of man he was, he wanted to impress her with a sense of the cheap power he wielded over his kind. But whatever it was, he set the gun on the porch between them."

"Is the Court to understand," asked the Judge, leaning forward, "that the man Leslie Braddock took from his pocket a gun which he was carrying and laid it down just as the prisoner said?"

"Yes, she was telling the truth," said Shannon. "He put the gun down—and spoke to her insultingly, and she struck him. He had picked the gun up again by then and when he tried to take her in his arms, she pushed him and he fell, and as he fell, the gun fell also. And since she was standing and quicker on her feet, she had the gun before he could rise. But this did not stop him; he was insane with rage now. He came on, and on, and I think she could read in his face what was waiting if he reached her. But she gave him a chance, she begged him to stay where he was. But he only laughed and told her the gun was not loaded. And then he sprang and she fired."

No one had moved during the recital; no one thought of moving now that the man paused. The Judge spoke.

"Then the man, Leslie Braddock, did have on him, in spite of his fear of the number, a revolver of .38 calibre, and the prisoner killed him in self-defense, exactly as she has testified today?"

The man shook his head. "No. The gun which Leslie Braddock carried was a .45, as Natanza said it would be, and Miss Dangerfield never killed him at all! I killed him and here is the gun with which I did it!"

And he took out of his pocket and handed over to the astounded and speechless McCauley a Colt .38!

Instantly, there was uproar and indescribable confusion, but eventually the gavel prevailed and the voice of the man could be heard once more.

"Miss Dangerfield and I must have fired almost at the same instant," he said. "But she never heard my shot, because the Colt, as you see, is equipped with a silencer. And she never saw me, because she was standing with her back to the cabin and I was on its threshold. She heard only her own shot, saw Braddock fall, realized he had died, and ran away! She never knew I had been inside the cabin, she never knew her bullet had gone wild, she never knew she was innocent of murder!"

McCauley was on his feet. "May I point out that you could have protected Miss Dangerfield by merely coming out and showing yourself?" he demanded.

The man on the stand looked at him quietly and a little grim ghost of a smile was upon his face as he did so.

"It is quite clear that you did not know Leslie Braddock and

(Continued on Page 19)

PAIN AFTER EATING
—A SIGN OF
ACID
STOMACH···

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The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie MacDonald

(Continued from Page 18)

what he stood for," he said to the prosecutor. "Had I come out and 'showed myself,' as you put it, I should have made him my enemy for life—with a sure bullet from one of his men next week—next month—next year. That is what my coming out would have gained me!"

He leaned forward, for a moment silent.

"I had another reason for never letting Leslie Braddock leave the clearing alive," he said at last. "A reason which had nothing to do with protecting Miss Dangerfield but which was connected indirectly with the unexpected necessity for protecting Miss Dangerfield. And that reason was—between the time I saw Braddock in the morning and the time I went to the cabin in the afternoon, I had found out that he had not given me all the papers belonging to me! He had kept one—a little memorandum which could, at the moment he chose to use it, send me back to prison. So I killed him. I was standing, as I told you, in the cabin door as I fired, and the surprise on his face as he got the bullet told me he had seen me and that he knew I had found out!"

He paused once more. McCauley would perhaps, have spoken, but before he could do so Shannon went on.

"After I had fired, I stood for a moment and Miss Dangerfield stood, and I do not know which of us was the more astonished at her shot — she or I. But before I could move, could go down the little steps and speak, she did something I was quite unprepared for: she threw her gun from her and ran! And it was only at that moment, that I realized she thought she had been the one to kill Braddock. So I picked up her gun and I took from Braddock's body the letter belonging to me and the letter belonging to Miss Dangerfield and then I went away and left Braddock there in the snow.

"But what I never expected Miss Dangerfield to do, what complicated all the plans I had made, was, as I read in the paper that night, that she had confessed and given herself up!"

He stopped once more. Then spoke directly to McCauley.

"Had Miss Dangerfield not confessed, the murder of Leslie Braddock would never have been solved—either by you, or by anyone else. For my alibi had been too well built. But she did confess." McCauley began a smile, the smile of a man who regretfully sees one animal escape from a carefully-laid trap and suddenly is consoled by finding that another animal has unexpectedly fallen into its place, consoled but not yet sure it is the particular animal he prefers.

"Come, come, Mr. Shannon," he said, blandly, "it is not quite reasonable to expect us to believe that, although you could have kept the world in ignorance of a crime, you come here to give yourself up for a young woman whom you have seen but twice or three times in your life. It is really — well, not reasonable!"

The man on the stand looked down at the District Attorney and a sort of slow and curious contempt became apparent in his glance.

"It would not be reasonable to you," he said. "It would not be sensible. There is a chance that it might even amuse you. But it is quite reasonable to me. For I was once a gentleman."

And, at the words, a dull red became visible on McCauley's cheekbones, as if the hot blood, which had brought him, savage and inexorable, from the waterfront of New York to political prominence, boiled up. But with an effort he restrained himself, and took refuge in that cold sarcasm which had been the weapon of his most successful forging.

"I understand that," he drawled. "I assume that when the State inflicts punishment the particular device it uses disposes of gentlemen quite as thoroughly and effectually as of those who have carelessly permitted themselves to be born into bad table manners."

But Shannon quietly shook his head, and his eyes held in their depths a perfect surety.

"Had I been in danger of losing my life to establish the innocence of this girl of the class to which I once belonged," he said, tranquilly, "I should have come back, just the same."

There was a stir and murmuring in the crowded court room, instantly stilled by the Judge's frown.

"I should have returned," Shannon went on, "for one last moment, to the code in which I was bred, and which I have forgotten, I am afraid, more times than I care to remember."

Again he paused. "But I was not in danger of losing my life, nor am I now.

"For I never intended to kill Leslie Braddock when I went to the clearing. I intended only to watch what passed between him and the ignorant girl he was meeting. And then I intended, after she had gone away, to demand of him the memorandum which he had withheld, and it was for this purpose I had taken with me the Colt .38. For one does not make demands of a man like Leslie Braddock without having with one a sure means of defense.

"But all my plans were knocked awry by what happened between him and Miss Dangerfield. I was not surprised when it happened. Still, at the same time, I had not expected it to happen and it placed me, for a minute, in a position in which I did not know what to do. I saw that Miss Dangerfield must be protected, for she was dealing with a man insane with lust and rage. Yet I could not protect her without incurring his enmity, and the consequence of incurring his enmity would be two-fold; he would never surrender the paper I wanted, but would use it to send me back to prison again. And when I had come out, he would visit upon me the last punishment for my interference—the bullet from the gun of one of his men, Mr. Natanza here, perhaps, or Roy Burton. It would be all in the afternoon's work for them, as I happen to know."

Shannon, who had once been a gentleman, leaned forward again, fixed his eyes on McCauley.

"So I killed him!" he said slowly. "And you may hold me for carrying the gun with which I took his life—you may hold me for simple manslaughter—but no jury in the world will take my life for sending to whatever reward he has earned this rat of the underworld!

"And well you know it!"

And well McCauley did know it!

The murmur behind him, which rose and swelled and threatened to become shouting, told him. But he was on his feet, nevertheless, fighting still.

"The two letters which you took from Braddock's body," he said. "I shall ask that they be admitted to evidence."

Shannon smiled.

"My letter has been destroyed," he said. "And I shall submit it to the Court whether Miss Dangerfield's letter has any bearing on my killing of Leslie Braddock!"

And before McCauley could move, Shannon had flung upon the Judge's desk the letter that once had lain in John Sherman's safe. The Judge picked it up, opened it and read the few brief lines which Emily Dangerfield had written the night she went away to her death. He had never known Emily Dangerfield in life, of course, but to him, as to many others, her name had come as a symbol of something that was very golden, very beautiful, a veritable miracle of loveliness.

And having read the letter, he folded it up again, carefully, as if he were folding up forever the shameful secret which had been hers.

"This letter," he spoke to the whole courtroom, "has no bearing whatever on the killing of Leslie Braddock by the man who has just confessed. I order, therefore, that the letter be returned, herewith to the person to whom it rightfully belongs, Mr. John Sherman, if he be in this room."

And so the letter was passed, under McCauley's irate eyes, back to John. And then, as the uproar once more threatened to gain possession of the room, the Judge discharged Brook Dangerfield from custody. But she never heard him, for she had fainted at the moment when she saw the letter put into John's hand.

When the excitement and confusion had, to some degree, died down, Arthur drew John aside.

"Do not spare me any longer," he said. "For I think I know what the letter is. It is a letter from Emily to Allan!"

John shook his head.

"Not to Allan," he corrected, with gentleness and pity. "To you."

Arthur looked at him in surprise. "What could Emily have been writing to me about?" he asked.

And then John knew that the time had come to give the letter and so, he gave it.

* * *

It was towards the evening of Christmas Day when Brook went back to the clearing, and she had come because she was afraid of it, and knew she must vanquish the fear. But when she reached the cabin, she remembered suddenly how it had offered a hiding place to the person who had saved her, and it was never to be sinister to her again.

She went up on the porch, looked in at the fireplace where Harlan Shannon had hid, at the threshold from which he had fired the shot. And when she turned, she saw that Arthur was standing outside, and on his face was the pallor of death.

"I am going away," he said to her, and it was just the ghost of the old Arthur's voice. "But before I go, I have come to ask if you can find it in your heart to forgive me?"

She was still as the snow about her; she seemed to stand there in a sort of frozen quietness.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, at last. "Or, if there is, I forgave it long ago."

His eyes implored her.

"I have come to ask if you can find it in your heart to love me," he whispered. But still that frozen quietness was unchanged.

"There was a time when I could have died with the happiness of hearing you ask that," she told him. "But that is over and gone. You are nothing to me any more."

"You will think of me sometimes?" he asked. "And remember that I, too, have paid dearly for all my folly."

"You have paid dearly," she said, "but I shall not think of you. It shall be as if you were dead. It shall be as if you had never lived!"

And he had turned away, when Leland came into the clearing, and stood between them. He looked at Brook; he looked at Arthur. And he saw that he could send Arthur away forever, and have Brook for his own. But he saw something else, and it was that Brook, though she belonged to Leland, would love Arthur still. So Leland spoke.

"You haven't deserved her," he said to Arthur. "It is better that you go away."

"I—I—was going," faltered Arthur, and he turned. But Leland's voice stopped him.

"Go away," he said. "But come back! Come back in a year, and she shall be waiting for you here, in the place where we three stand today."

Arthur tried to speak; Brook tried to speak. But [illegible] raised his hand, and was [illegible] on.

"Shall I tell you what I [illegible] waiting?" he asked, and [illegible] was sad, because he [illegible] self in none of this, it was for Arthur!

He went on. "I see you together, never to be [illegible] again! Not here, but in some lovely and peaceful corner of France, perhaps. I see you sitting in a quiet room filled with candlelight, a room where the memory of this time never comes."

"And you, Leland?" cried Brook.

He smiled a little.

"I see myself, Arthur [illegible]," he replied. "I [illegible] your friend, as always. And time will go on. I shall be gray, older, take to wearing rubbers. I shall come to visit you loaded down with toys and foolish gewgaws, and the laughter of your children shall be my recompense for coming."

But Brook was crying now.

"No weeping, my dear," said Leland. "Let Arthur remember you smiling!"

So Brook looked up, and there was a smile beyond the tears.

"Good by, Arthur," she said.

"Good-by, Brook," Arthur answered.

But when she had gone with Leland out of the clearing, it was as if Arthur's very soul had gone with her. He saw that night was coming fast, and his heart rebelled for a moment at the thought of the wandering loneliness which lay before him.

And then, turning to [illegible] raised his head, and [illegible] the dying sky a last bit of [illegible]ant scarlet that still dared [illegible]sist the darkness. And [illegible] sight, a timid rapture [illegible] thought lost forever [illegible] in him. He remembered [illegible] year, be its reward [illegible] a happy one, can be [illegible] that light in its passing!

The End

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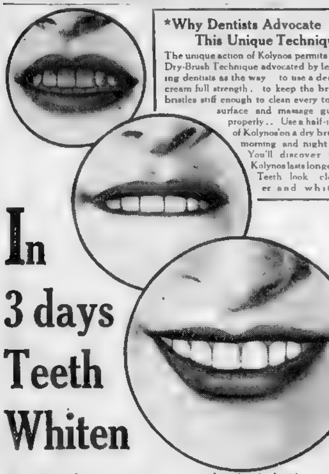
BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

Lovely Clay -:- By Maysie Greig

The Thrilling Story of an Office Cinderella Who Made Her Dreams Come True



***Why Dentists Advocate This Unique Technique**

The unique action of Kolynos permits the Dry-Brush Technique advocated by leading dentists as the way ... to use a dental cream full strength ... to keep the brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly.. Use a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night... You'll discover that Kolynos lasts longer. Teeth look cleaner and whiter.

In 3 days Teeth Whiten 3 Shades

SO long as you breathe you are in danger. Millions of germs sweep into the mouth and destroy teeth and gums. They defy the ordinary toothpaste and cause a condition none of us can overlook: Bacterial Mouth. Its odious presence is revealed in teeth that are stained, yellow and decayed, in gums that are pale, soft and receding. But...you need not be the victim of this deplorable condition.

Double-strength Kolynos removes Bacterial-Mouth by killing the germs that cause it. And the result is astonishing. See for yourself. Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique* for 3 days... then note the change in the appearance of teeth and gums.

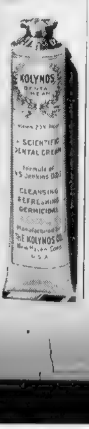
Teeth look whiter, fully 3 shades. Gums feel firmer, they are healthier. And your mouth tingles with a refreshing, clean taste.

Kolynos cleans teeth and gums as they should be cleaned. As soon as it enters the mouth, this highly concentrated, antiseptic dental cream gives you a pleasant surprise. It becomes an exhilarating FOAM that is full of life. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every tiny crevice, pit and fissure.

It quickly kills the millions of germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth — that lead to tooth decay, stain, ugly yellow and to gum diseases. (Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 15 seconds.) Moreover this FOAM keeps on working after you hang up your toothbrush. For 3 hours it continues to cleanse the teeth and purify the mouth.

That is why teeth are so easily and swiftly cleaned down to the beautiful, naked white enamel —without injury.

If you want whiter teeth free from decay and firm, pink gums — discard the dentifrice that does only half the job. Switch to Kolynos. It will win you in 3 days. Get a tube from any druggist.



KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
A SCIENTIFIC DENTAL CREAM
Formula of N. S. Jenkins D.D.S.
CLEANSING
REFRESHING
GERMICIDAL
Manufactured by THE KOLYNOS CO.
New Haven Conn.
U.S.A.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

It still may happen at first sight!

To think that only this afternoon he had been a very bored young man! Bored because he had promised to take his sister to the dance for Sylvia Herrold. He didn't know Sylvia—didn't want to.

And then he met her! He held her, slender, mysteriously fragrant, in dance after dance. Toward the end of the evening he guided her, against her laughing protest, to the glass-enclosed terrace.

Sylvia's long amber lashes cast a faint shadow on cheeks translucently lovely as a flushed moonstone; her provocative lips were the warm pastel of rose-quartz.

Her lovely violet eyes, while mutely pleading with him to restrain his ardor, revealed the secret that he, too, attracted her. Gently caressing her, Paul knew that Time would only increase his ardor for one as exquisite as Sylvia.

● Once, Sylvia was a sleeping beauty

Beauty often lies dormant . . . it must be awakened to become a magnet to masculine interest.

It was Pompeian Beauty Powder in the alluring Nude Shade, together with Pompeian Bloom (a creamy rouge) in Medium Tint, which had vitalized Sylvia's skin.

These twin toiletries of Pompeian have been the choice of millions of women each year—among them America's most noted beauties.

The glamorous effect of this powder and rouge is no accident. Years of experimenting on living models were needed to achieve a quality and weight of powder and a blend of rouge, which would form a perfect harmony with every skin.

● Pompeian beauty is not fleeting

Pompeian Beauty Powder clings with tender tenacity to the skin . . . Pompeian Rouge comes off creamily on its soft puff, spreading its fluent color into the natural tones of the skin. There are five flawless shades of powder, and six of Pompeian rouge to choose from.

● Nor is it a costly luxury

Women who use Pompeian toiletries enjoy the beauty which charms love, and at the same time, the *practical economy* which holds it steadfast—for either powder or rouge, in generous quantity, costs but 60c.

You need not search for it—you need not accept an inferior product—Pompeian is sold at all toilet goods counters, drug stores and in 10c sizes, at 10c stores.

The Beauty Text-Book — the New Art Panel are yours!

You are one of 24 types of beauty. Your individual needs are set forth in this booklet by Mme. Jeannette de Cordet, noted beauty specialist. From it you will learn just how to intensify the charm of your looks.

Pompeian's new Art Panel is the most beautiful in years. If you wish one to enhance your walls, send 10c and both the Beauty Booklet and the Art Panel will be sent you. We will also include samples of two other toilet essentials, Pompeian Day Cream and Pompeian Night Cream.

POMPEIAN
BEAUTY POWDER AND ROUGE

The Pompeian Company, Incorporated, New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Offices: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th Street, New York, and 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada)

● Be sure to PRINT yo[illegible]

Mme. Jeannette de Cordet
Dept. A 1-25, The Pompeian [illegible]
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art [illegible] a copy of booklet "Your Type of B[illegible] clude the samples of Pompeian Day C[illegible] and Night Cream.

Name ____________
Street Address ____________
City ____________ State ______
(In Canada, address to McCaul Street, Toronto)

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 14)

telephoned you It was a thousand to one chance—but it's come off, as a thousand to one chance occasionally will. Now, professional etiquette or not, we must see this girl. She is the keystone and the mainspring of the whole business. This is not a case of betraying a secret given to you by a patient; on the contrary, by allowing us this interview, you will be materially assisting justice. The consequences may be very serious if you refuse."

The physician shrugged

In those circumstances, I must reluctantly give my consent, Inspector. But you must distinctly understand, in return, that my name must be kept out of any press publicity in connection with this affair I acted in entire good faith throughout."

I am sure you did, Doctor," said the Inspector in a cordial tone, "and I am infinitely obliged to you No. 345 Brook Street, did you say?"

"I will take you there in my car"

"Excellent' Come along, Fenton"

The car sped swiftly through Mayfair, but it did not move quickly enough for Fenton. To think that by what was nothing less than a fluke, they had got on the trail again'

He was too excited to talk; he could only think Think of the wonderful future which, once he looked again into Jacqueline's eyes, he was positive Fate had in store for him . . .

It was Meredith who kept up a running conversation with the physician. Carruthers' replies were as non-committal as he could make them, but the Detective-Inspector's manner increased in buoyancy every minute. He was like a lover going to a tryst

No. 345 Brook Street proved to be a once-historic mansion that had recently been converted into a Nursing Home. Dr. Carruthers had been partly correct in saying that it was his Nursing Home In company with several other physicians of repute, he had financed this private hospital and had a special ward in it. It was in this department, he explained, that the patient they were now going to interview had been left

But as they stepped out of the lift on the second floor, a disconcerted matron met them

"The most extraordinary thing has happened, Doctor!" the matron cried. "That patient of yours—the Polamin case — has disappeared!"

Meredith was the first to reply The doctor looked bewildered, and was staggered

"Disappeared?" repeated the Detective-Inspector; "what d'you mean, disappeared?"

The handsome woman in mauve uniform gave the interrogator a haughty look of surprise.

Carruthers made an explanation

"This is Detective-Inspector Meredith of Scotland Yard, matron," he said; "although not a word must be said outside, it appears that this girl was connected with a group of criminals. It's a most appalling business. And now you say she has disappeared. But how can she have disappeared?"

"I only know, Dr. Carruthers," the matron replied, very perturbed, "that the girl is not in the building. I will call Nurse O'Regan."

* * *

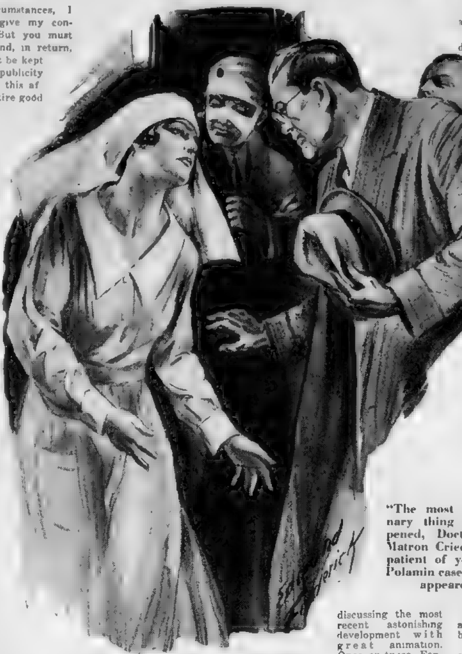
At the moment the matron of one of the most fashionable nursing homes in the West End was making her startling announcement, a girl whose beautiful complexion contrasted so picturesquely with the gray curls peeping from beneath her close-fitting hat, was seated reading a copy of the Evening Sun in a popular Piccadilly tea-room

"So it's come off," Pola murmured excitedly to herself; "Bob's got what he wanted! It was worth waiting for. And he won't forget that I was the one to give him a helping hand."

A moment later, Pola Vanessi was in a taxicab. The driver had looked at her inquiringly when he heard the address given, but, as nothing can astonish the London taxi driver for more than five seconds at a time, he had pushed in his clutch and had started off.

His passenger occupied the time through the tedious journey by picturing the joyful reunion she was shortly to celebrate. She knew Bob too well to have any fear that this man with whom he was working would cut any ice with him. Once he had the necessary information, he could deal with this side-kick; he would get the jewels for himself.

And she would share them!



"The most extraordinary thing has happened, Doctor!" the Matron Cried. "That patient of yours—the Polamin case—has disappeared!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Empty Flat.

FENTON banged his fist on the table

"For heaven's sake, say something else!" he urged.

But Meredith remained unruffled.

"What else can I say?" he asked. "At the present moment, every policeman throughout the Metropolis is on the watch for a girl answering the description of Jacqueline Coyle? It is only a question of an hour or so before some information must be sent to the Yard. I tell you, there's nothing for you to worry about. But what puzzles me is how she managed to get out of that Nursing Home without being seen. Though people suffering from sudden mental aberration—as she undoubtedly is, for this is the only explanation of her extraordinary conduct—often do the queerest things. I could tell you some stories about that—"

"Please don't," said Fenton curtly; "and, for a change, suppose you let me do a little talking? I want you to check up on the position as we know it now."

"Fire away," encouraged the other.

After making every possible inquiry at the Brook Street Nursing Home, the two had returned to the Duke Street flat, and for the past half-an-hour had been discussing the most recent astonishing development with great animation. Once or twice, Fenton had threatened to lose his temper, but the unruffled good-nature of the Scotland Yard official had been able to smooth over the difficult places. Meredith could understand the terrible disappointment Fenton must have experienced an hour before

"What we've dragged out of that fellow Carruthers amounts to this," Fenton said. "Jacqueline's father was handed certain jewels by a Russian nobleman, the Grand Duke Vladimir. He brought these jewels to Paris, deposited them somewhere, and confided this secret hiding place to his daughter. He was then murdered—either by the fellow we know as the Baron or by some of his associates. According to Carruthers' statement, these jewels are now lying in a secret drawer of a lacquer cabinet, which is supposed to be in the dining room of the Coyle flat in Paris.

"From what we know, there doesn't seem to be much doubt but that the Baron and the Professor have left London to have a look at that cabinet. By this time," looking at his watch, "they are probably in Paris. The chase is over; they have won. Not that that matters two-pence to me, of course, but I'm afraid that some of the swine they left behind have got hold of the girl again There's no doubt, to my mind, that she was kidnaped from the Saint-Paul Hospital in Paris weeks ago Don't you see, Meredith," leaning across to the other man, "once she had given up the secret, they would try to keep her from telling anyone else the information she had passed on to them while under the influence of the drug."

"Yes," agreed Meredith; "that sounds sensible enough. But you must remember this: what information we could get at the Nursing Home seems to show that she left the place of her own accord. No one called, so that she could not have been taken away by force. My belief is that any minute now we shall get a telephone message to say that she has been found. The best thing you can do, Fenton—that is, if you're still keen on this business—"

"Keen? Of course I'm keen!"

"I mean keen, not so much on helping the girl, but on getting your own back on the Baron and the other fellow—is to slip across to Paris yourself tonight. What's to prevent you?" the Inspector went on. "You can rely on me to see that Miss Coyle is kept in safety once we have word about her. If you like, I'll promise that she shan't move a step outside of Scotland Yard."

Fenton jumped up.

"That's an idea!" he exclaimed, excitement in his voice.

"D'you speak French?"

"Well enough to make myself understood. Meredith, I think I will," he continued slowly; "I'd give anything to do those two devils one in the eye. But they must be in Paris by this time. It's too late!"

"That's not to say they've got the jewels," returned the other. "I'd go with you, only I can't get away. Or, if you like, I could send word through to the French police."

Fenton waved this suggestion aside.

"No French police for me," he declared; "I'm going to see this job through myself. That's not to say, though, I shouldn't like some help from your pals at the Surete if it was urgently needed."

He walked to the mantlepiece and pressed the bell

Charles was greeted with acclamation.

"Oh, there you are, Charles. I haven't had a chance to say anything to you before, but I want you to know how grateful I am for what you did last night."

"It wasn't very much, I'm afraid, Mr. Fenton," answered the gentleman's gentleman adventurer

"It was just about enough to save my life — and I shan't forget it. Now, I'm off to Paris. Will you ring up the Croydon Aerodrome and see if you can get me a seat in one of the Airways' machines?"

"Very good, sir."

Charles did a half-turn and then wheeled round again.

"May I ask, Mr. Fenton, if it's anything to do with this present business?"

"Yes, Charles But you're not coming—you've done your bit already."

Charles made a mute appeal to the Detective-Inspector, but Meredith shook his head.

"Your master is one of the determined sort, Charles," he commented. And with that the man withdrew.

Packing did not take long; in fact, within 10 minutes Fenton was out of the house.

"I'll send a message through to the Surete straight away," said Meredith, in wishing his friend good-by. "Don't run any unnecessary risks, old man. You can get all the help you want from the Paris police."

"I won't forget," was the reply; but even as he spoke Fenton determined that, so far as was possible, he was going to see this thing through alone. Up till now he had not cut a very successful figure in the business. The Other Side had had most of the laughs. It was time he began to trump some of their aces.

* * *

Dr. Pierre Laroche, of the Saint-Paul Hospital, was amiability itself

"But certainly, monsieur," he told the Englishman who had walked into the great medical institution with so anxious an expression; "I remember the case perfectly. A beautiful English girl, with a complexion you see referred to in the advertisements, and yet with gray hair—an irresistible combination. But come, I will get all details."

The medico, who was acting as house physician, took Fenton into his private room. Here he rang a bell, in answer to which a nurse appeared. An animated conversation ensued between the two. At the end of the talk, Dr Laroche turned to the visitor with a smile

"The name was certainly Mademoiselle Jacqueline Coyle," he said; "she was brought here suffering from concussion and injuries received as the result of being knocked down in the street Mon Dieu! How they drive those taxis here in Paris .

"We soon discovered that her memory was faulty—purely, you understand, as the result of this lamentable accident. But in time, had she stayed with us, I feel confident that everything would have been repaired. She had a

(Continued on Page 21)

By a total lack of stubble you can feel the difference between this and old way

Not only is slightest fear of coarsened re-growth banished but actual reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly

Here's Simple Way To Actually Get Rid Of Arm And Leg Hair

That Completely Banishes Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A new way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet creme resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt And the reappearance of that hair is delayed amazingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where To Obtain

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery

It is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents. 274R

Neet Cream Hair Remover

CUTICURA

Foremost among Toilet Preparations

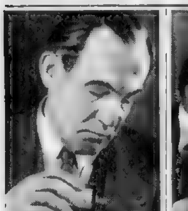
NOW PRODUCES

Cuticura Shaving Cream

AND what a contribution it is to the cause of shaving! A small amount quickly works up into a thick lather that remains throughout the shave, without retouching as is sometimes necessary. It contains the delicately medicated properties of Cuticura which soothe the skin and do away with the necessity of using lotions.

At your dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of 35c. Address. Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

• Pills Don't Cure • Correct Trouble • With Yeast •



DOSING with pills soon becomes a fixed habit.

DOCTORS SAY Intestinal Fatigue is best corrected by eating yeast daily.

A FOOD, yeast acts naturally! Eat 3 cakes a day.

Pills...Pills...PILLS!

You can't cure constipation that way! Here's a simple *food* that brings *permanent* relief

IF you're tired taking pills . . . tired swallowing nasty medicines—here's good news! Here's a way to break that weakening cathartic habit. Here's a way to correct constipation *naturally.*

You probably know what it is. It's eating Fleischmann's fresh Yeast—the *food* that world-famous physicians recommend for health!

These doctors say, "If you want to correct constipation permanently, simply eat three cakes of fresh yeast every day. A food, yeast acts gently—naturally. Eat it regularly, and results are sure."

The secret is that Fleischmann's Yeast both softens the clogging waste masses in the intestines and *at the same time* stimulates the natural action that helps remove them regularly. Thus normal elimination is restored. Poison-breeding food residue is promptly cleared away.

Soon appetite returns with childhood's zestfulness. Digestive secretions are fostered and food digests better. Your complexion freshens. Pep returns. You are through with pills for good!

Isn't it time you tried it? Just ask for *Fleischmann's* Yeast at any grocery, restaurant or soda fountain. Every cake is rich in three health-giving vitamins—B, G and D. Directions are on the label.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health—3 Cakes a Day*

No matter what your AGE

No need Now to Have Gray Hair

THIS is the age of youth! People want to look young. The country wants youth. Employers want youth. Society wants youth. So now you see fewer and fewer people with Gray Hair. Do you know the secret? Hundreds of thousands of other people have found it—in a queer discovery of science—a liquid that is as colorless as water—yet which imparts color to Gray Hair! Its name is Kolor-Bak! Not a sticky, messy, hard-to-use preparation that might endanger your hair. But a clean, safe, liquid that you simply comb into your hair to make the gray go. It acts so gradually that even your friends won't realize that you are using anything. And it leaves the beautiful sheen of the hair unchanged. No experimenting with Kolor-Bak—the one bottle does for Blonde, Black, Brown, or Auburn. Be young looking again! Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger your money will be refunded any time you ask.

KOLOR-BAK
Imparts Color to Gray Hair!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax Get an ounce and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as pimples, liver spots tan freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. At all Drug Stores.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Don't be an EX-BLONDE

"HOW much lighter your hair used to be." What a pity to hear this from old friends. You won't if you use Blondex. This special shampoo, for blondes only, prevents darkening—gradually restores natural, radiant beauty to dull, faded blonde hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Good for scalp. Follow the advice of a million delighted users. At all standard drug and department stores. Try Blondex today.

Advertisement.

Girl Wins Fight With Itching Skin

No longer need you endure the agony of burning, itching skin troubles. Be well and happy again Thousands of former skin sufferers tell how Dr. D. D. Dennis' prescription has brought them quick and joyous relief. It is called D. D. D. and has a long record of success in reaching even the most stubborn cases of eczema, scales, eruptions, rashes and other skin afflictions. Just apply a few drops of this cooling antiseptic to your troubled skin. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. Easy to use and positively safe. Clear, stainless, and greaseless — dries up almost immediately. Get a bottle of D. D. D. today. If the very first application does not instantly relieve the most intense itching, your money back 35c, 60c, $1.25. All druggists.

BE MODERN NO GRAY HAIR

The modern woman doesn't permit unsightly age-telling gray hair. Brownatone imparts youthful brilliance, luster and beauty. Also splendid for toning down streaked, bleached or henna shades. It's quick, sure, safe, harmless. Approved by millions. Any shade from blonde to black. All dealers: 50c and $1.50. Or send 10c for a test bottle. The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. 6790 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky. Canadian Address, Windsor, Ontario.

BROWNATONE
GUARANTEED HARMLESS

SORE, ACHING BACK?

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO WORK TODAY WITH THIS PAIN IN MY BACK
HERE, PAT ON SLOAN'S. IT RELIEVES BACKACHE FOR ME IN 5 MINUTES.

Painful lame back and muscles quickly yield to an application of Sloan's. *Sloan's Liniment warms like sunshine.* Drives out that terrible pain. Get a *fresh* bottle today. Only 35c.

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

There is nothing so captivating as soft, silky, alluring hair

Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—

when shampooed this way.

Why soft, silky hair, sparkling with life, gloss and lustre—is unobtainable by ordinary washing.

SOFT, lovely, alluring hair has always been IRRESISTIBLE.

Fortunately, beautiful hair depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle and the rich, natural color tones of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not cleanse the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps.

The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. It cleans so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will notice the difference in your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a "Mulsified Shampoo" and see how your hair will sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

See how easy it will be to manage and how lovely and alluring your hair will look.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter—anywhere in the world.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 20)

sound constitution and perfect health. But her mind, I gathered, was clouded before the accident by a great bereavement. Not that she said much, you understand, but a word was dropped here and there. . . ."

"Why did she leave you, Doctor?" asked Fenton.

The other waved his arms in an expansive gesture.

"Tiens! But it was not our fault," he exclaimed; "we should have liked to have detained Mademoiselle Coyle; as I have said, her recovery was not complete, although she was improving every day.

"But what would you? A man, of middle-age, most distinguished in appearance, calls one day and says that he is mademoiselle's fiance."

"What?" cried his listener. "She is not engaged to anyone!"

"A thousand pardons! But how could I tell then that this was a lie? This distinguished gentleman has a wonderful car at the door, and he says he has called to take his sweetheart for a drive. That was why we allowed mademoiselle to leave. It was understood, of course, that she would return within a couple of hours—but we saw her no more."

"Didn't she raise any objection to going with this man?" demanded Fenton, who was positive in his own mind that the so-called fiance was none other than the Baron Bela Szanto.

"So well as the nurse, whom you have just seen, can remember, mademoiselle appeared delighted at the prospect of driving in the open air."

"Well, I'm ——!" declaimed the visitor.

"Pardon, monsieur?"

"Oh, nothing. Thanks for all you've done, Doctor. By the way, I wish to confirm the address at which Mademoiselle Coyle was living when she was admitted to hospital."

"I will get it you quickly."

Within another minute, Fenton, supplied with this important information, was on his way through the main hall of the building.

Dr. Laroche shook hands with him cordially at the hospital entrance.

Fenton hurried directly to the address.

No. 242 Rue de Marnay proved to be a typical block of Paris flats. The Coyle apartment, Fenton had been told at the Saint-Paul Hospital, was on the second floor.

He stood for a moment looking up at the window which commanded a view of the street. Strange that so much excitement should end in such a prosaic spot. For the Rue de Marnay was utterly commonplace. It had such a completely respectable atmosphere as to be thoroughly bourgeois. An abode for bank clerks, solicitors and others following orthodox paths in life—but certainly not a habitation for a world-adventurer such as Colonel Lorymer Coyle must have been. Perhaps he lived in such surroundings because of his daughter. Yes, that would be it. Taking great risks himself, he preferred safety for his child.

The concierge met him as he entered the main hall.

"Monsieur?" asked the man.

Fenton became as frank as possible.

"My name is Fenton," he said; "I am an Englishman from London, and I have called to make inquiries about a friend of mine, Mademoiselle Coyle, who, I understand, used to live here with her father."

At the mention of the word "Coyle," the concierge became expansive in turn.

"I regret to have nothing but sad news, monsieur," he replied. "Alas! Monsieur Coyle is dead—he was found in the Seine some weeks ago. Some said," he continued, lowering his voice to a whisper, "that Monsieur Coyle had enemies, and that it was through these he met with his death. In any case, it was a very bad business. Hushed up by the authorities, I believe, because of certain influences at work. Perhaps monsieur will understand?"

Fenton nodded to this highly-intelligent Frenchman of the working-class.

"I heard something of the affair, while in London," he replied; "it is not of Monsieur Coyle, however, but of his daughter, that I wish to inquire."

The man intimated by an eloquent gesture that he was again the bearer of bad news.

"After the tragedy, monsieur, came a mystery. Mademoiselle Coyle disappeared—the day after her father's body was found. It was said that she had been taken to hospital as the result of an accident, but beyond that, we heard nothing."

"Who is living in the flat now?"

"No one, monsieur. It has been empty for several weeks. After a fortnight, the landlady, not receiving any rent, ordered all the furniture to be sold."

"Are you sure of this?" exclaimed the astonished Fenton.

"Of a certainty, monsieur. I, myself, was at the sale. I bought one or two small articles—out of sentiment, monsieur understands."

"What happened to the lacquer cabinet?"

The man scratched his head.

"The lacquer cabinet, monsieur? Ah!"—as recollection came to him swiftly—"that was purchased by a dealer on behalf of the Comte de Goebbels."

"Where does this man live?"

"In his chateau at Vaquery, monsieur."

"Where's that?"

"It is but a short distance from Paris, monsieur—say twenty-five kilometres. Can I tell monsieur anything else?"

"You have said enough!" was the rejoinder.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The Comte de Goebbels Has a Visitor.

THE Comte de Goebbels was a short, rotund-figured man whose sole claim to distinction, apart from his pedigree—he was descended on his father's side from an illustrious Belgian family—was a distinct flair for acquiring rare and beautiful examples of furniture and objets-d'art. The majority of these purchases, which were made either by the Comte personally or through the numerous agents he employed, were taken to the Chateau Goebbels at Vaquery, which is but a short motor drive from Paris.

This immensely wealthy connoisseur had other places, of course—a villa at Cimiez, on the French Riviera, an apartment in Paris, and a house in Brussels—but it was at the Chateau that he spent most of his time, and it was here he liked to be surrounded by his most notable specimens.

It was the habit of the Comte to sit in his library for an hour after the morning meal—which he took in the English fashion—smoking a cigar and reading Le Matin. The practice had become so agreeable after many years that it was distinctly understood among the staff at the Chateau that their master was on no account to be disturbed at this time of the day unless something quite out of the ordinary had happened.

Nevertheless, on this particular morning, when the Comte's cigar was not more than half-way consumed, the library door opened and Hippolyte, the major-domo at the Chateau, entered.

"This gentleman has called, M. le Comte," he announced; "he says he has an appointment with you."

His master took the extended card, gave a brief glance at it, and then the frown which had gathered on his face vanished to give place to a smile.

"Yes, that is correct," he replied in a precise, somewhat high-pitched voice; "please show Monsieur Edwards in here at once."

Like all collectors, M. le Comte was not averse to achieving a little publicity for his treasures. And so it happened that when, a few days before, a writer giving the name of Edwards and using the Hotel Meurice notepaper, had sent a letter to the owner of the Chateau Goebbels, the Comte had replied in the affirmative.

The connoisseur's vanity had been agreeably flattered. The request made in the letter was that the writer, who styled himself the travelling special correspondent of the "Famous Homes" Magazine of London, should be allowed to pay a visit to the Chateau for the purpose of describing, for the benefit of the readers of his magazine, the wonders that were stored therein.

"I should like, if it is possible, to bring a camera, and take a number of photographs," Mr. Edwards had added.

The reply of the proud owner had been very agreeably expressed.

"I shall be delighted," the Comte had written in his own hand, "to welcome you and to take you on a personal tour through the Chateau. I trust you will not be disappointed."

This, then, was the visitor whose card Monsieur le Comte was now holding.

Two minutes later, a middle-aged man of spare build, walking with the characteristic briskness of the professional journalist, stepped into the spacious library. He carried a large camera in his left hand.

"This is awfully good of you, M. le Comte," the journalist said in perfect French after they had been seated, "I scarcely hoped that you would be so kind."

The connoisseur bowed.

"But it is delightful to meet one so interested in beautiful things," he replied encouragingly.

Felix Edwards shook his head in deprecatory manner.

"I don't want you to be misled," he said; "I am a professional writer—and I hope I shall prove to you that I can do that part of the job well—but it is useless for me to attempt to pose as an expert on furniture. For the technical descriptions I shall have to rely upon you, M. le Comte."

"I quite understand." The speaker's eyes twinkled. "It's too much to hope, no doubt, that you professional writers should have expert knowledge of every subject with which you deal. Perhaps, before we make a start, you would tell me something about your magazine. I should very much like to see a copy."

"I will get some sent on to you from the London office," said the caller quickly. "It was very remiss of me, I confess, not to have done so before. We have only published a few numbers," he went on, "and those have dealt exclusively with the famous homes of England. But so much success has attended the publication of these first issues, that the management have decided to embrace the whole of Europe. France, the country of marvellous chateaux, is to receive attention first. Your reputation as a connoisseur of the arts, M. le Comte, is well-known in London. That is why the first visit I make in France is to see your wonderful home."

The listener acknowledged the compliment by moving towards the door.

"I will give you all the assistance possible, Monsieur Edwards," he said.

To anyone sufficiently interested, the tour of inspection which followed would have been an unique experience. But Mr. Felix Edwards, perhaps because of his self-confessed lack of technical knowledge, now and then allowed himself to express facial boredom, but this only when his host's back was safely turned, and it was not until a small drawing room on the first floor of the Chateau was reached that he became extremely alert.

Against one wall was placed an exceedingly handsome lacquer cabinet. It was about five feet high, and its deep, rich red coloring made it most attractive to the eye.

"That's a nice piece, Comte," remarked the representative of "Famous Homes."

"Yes, it is." The owner opened the two folding doors.

"I have not had this very long," he announced; "it came from Paris. Perhaps you have heard of the Englishman, Colonel Lorymer Coyle—the world-adventurer who had such a romantic career?"

Anyone watching Felix Edwards closely would have witnessed a singular thing: the journalist, unseen by his host, was giving himself a series of little pats on the back with his left hand.

"I seem to remember the name," he said casually; "wasn't that the man who was mixed up with the Revolution in Russia?"

"Yes, I believe he was. There were some rather ugly stories about his death, which occurred a couple of months or so back. His body was found in the Seine. It had been badly mutilated... This cabinet was among the things that were sold at his flat recently. One of my agents happened to attend, quite by chance, and thinking I should be interested, bought the piece. It's rather a fine specimen."

The owner proceeded to pull out a number of drawers that were in the center, and plunged into a wealth of technical detail which was so much Greek to the listener.

He was still expatiating when the journalist made an exclamation.

"If it's as valuable as all that, I should like to make special mention of it in the article," he said; "and would it be possible to take a photograph?"

"But certainly."

Edwards looked round for his apparatus, and then made a clucking sound.

"Do you know, Comte, I have been so interested in your talk that I've left my camera somewhere."

The aristocrat immediately made an offer.

"I will fetch it for you," he said; "I expect you left it in the larger drawing room just now."

"Well, it's awfully decent of you," remarked the Englishman; "I would go myself, but I should be afraid of losing my way."

"Please don't mention it. You can examine the cabinet with more detail while I am away."

This was exactly what the visitor proceeded to do immediately he was alone. And, from a person who had formerly shown a great deal of abstraction, he now changed into a man mercurially alive.

Pulling a small piece of paper from a pocket, he consulted this, and then, running his hand up the righthand side of the cabinet, commenced to search for the small spot which was the real object of his visit.

While so engaged, the door opened quietly.

Edwards did not notice that the Comte had returned until Goebbels spoke:

"I met my butler, bringing the camera, Monsieur Edwards," he said. And the journalist, in spite of his sangfroid, started violently.

"I didn't hear you come in,"

(Continued on Page 22)

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this sanitary protection
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Kotex not only deodorizes, but it is softer, more absorbent, more comfortable.

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Recently a Scott's Emulsion reporter called on Mrs. A. Gentily, 11 Wheeler St., Montclair, N. J., mother of the lovely triplets pictured here.

"Yes," she told us brightly, "I certainly do know how hard it is to make children take cod-liver oil. And I'll be glad to have my triplets try Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil" . . . Each youngster took a spoonful. "It's good," said Philip. "I like it," said Frances. "Nice," said Ann.

Pleasanter to take—
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Pale, thin, run-down children—they need cod-liver oil. Give it to them the pleasantest way—give them Scott's Emulsion.

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Scott's Emulsion is rich in vitamin A, the disease-resisting vitamin. It is rich in vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin that prevents rickets. It also contains vital mineral elements that aid in forming sound bones and teeth. This gives Scott's Emulsion a special advantage for growing children, infants, nursing and expectant mothers. Get Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil to-day, at your druggist's. Watch cheeks grow rosy. See youngsters gain new weight and pep.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF VITAMIN-RICH COD-LIVER OIL

Pleasanter to take—Easier to digest

Proper Ways to Select Canned Fish

By *Mrs. Christine Frederick,*
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

AS I stated in my first article, food is such a major item of the family budget that the housewife must consider herself a true purchasing agent and buy foodstuffs with intelligent shrewdness. The old saw, "a dollar saved is a dollar earned" need not be despised, and thrifty spending now, when values are high and prices low, means actual saving, besides helping to put in motion the wheels of industry and the whole complicated machinery of our national distribution.

Canned fish and canned seafood products are another important item on the shelves both of the dealer and the consumer. Today their variety, their packing has been so increased that they bring to the Winter table especially a protein food of flavor, tang and different pleasing texture at a most modest cost. Where only a few years back the canned fish line was limited to less than half a dozen varieties, now the housewife may select canned fish suitable for every course from cocktail, through soup, to salad, for main family meals, or her more sophisticated hospitality service.

Let us consider first the popular staple, salmon. Compact, colorful, nutritious, with unlimited cookery possibilities, how shall we know our canned salmon values? There are 5 chief grades, with main characteristics as follows:

Canned Salmon.

1—Chinook: Best eating, fine texture, deep red in color; excellent flavor; flesh breaks into layers at slight pressure.

2—Sockeye: Staple grade, red flesh, firm texture, rich oil.

3—Cohoe: Resembles Sockeye in taste, but lacks color and oil, color is paler, fair texture, good flavor.

4—Pink: Has a fine flavor, but almost no oil, flesh soft and light pink in color.

5—Chum: Soft texture, very pale, almost white, peculiar flavor, but good.

How can the housewife tell what grade is in the can she is about to buy? The name usually precedes the word salmon—as "Alaska Red Salmon"—or "Cohoe Salmon." But even in the best grade, the Chinook, there may be a difference between two types of pack. This is because salmon caught at one time of the year taste different from those caught at another. Possibly the finest pack is the Spring pack, caught in the Columbia River. Neither the Fall pack in the Columbia River nor the catch from other rivers are so delicious and high quality. An ideal and informative label would read:

"Spring Pack Columbia River Royal Chinook Salmon."

Canned Tuna Fish.

The giant Tuna fish or Tunny belongs in the Mediterranean and Pacific waters where it may reach 1,000 pounds in weight. The Tuna belongs to the mackerel family and has no scales. The leaping blue tuna gives sportsmen the thrill of their lives. But the housewife depends on various species of tuna as a salad and dressy canned fish staple of which these are the four chief packs:

1—Albacore Tuna: All white, mildest meat like chicken.

2—Yellow Fin Tuna: Delicate, almost white or pinkish.

3—Blue Fin Tuna: Darker than above, light buff, not gamey flavor.

4—Striped Tuna or Skipjack: Dark brown, buff, gamey flavor.

The Albacore tuna costs more because the fish is small and must be individually caught with hook and line, whereas all others are mass-caught in huge nets. Only the choice, delicate meat of the Albacore may be labeled "white." Meat from any of the other three varieties are labeled "Light Meat Tuna." Take note! Some persons prefer the dark Skipjack, for its gamey flavor, but the white meat packs make more attractive salads, or fish molds. Most tuna is packed in cottonseed oil, the oil found in the can is not that of the fish.

Some years ago, an exciting lawsuit centered around the technical point of "When is a sardine not a herring?" However, according to the definition of the U. S. Department of Commerce, "any small fish of the herring family, properly prepared, is a "sardine." The main distinction in domestic packs, is the kind of oil in which they are packed. If label states, "packed in Olive Oil," this means that the sardines previous to packing were boiled in peanut oil—held to improve flavor; if label states merely, "in Olive Oil," this means just packing in olive oil. The phrase "salad oil" is an unfortunate misnomer, too misleading, for plain cottonseed oil. Smoked sardines are sometimes called "bristling" and are very flavorful. The hostess should investigate sardines in tomato sauce, with pickles or truffles, boneless, with butter, with lemon, or in mustard. An excellent mammoth sardine is packed in an oval can, with tomato sauce, for a price about 18c per can.

Lobster, crabmeat, shrimps—these are another line increasingly popular because the packing is so greatly improved and also because the hostess finds such canned seafoods lend themselves so deliciously to partified cocktails, au gratin, and salad dishes.

Canned Lobster—Crab—Shrimp.

There is a parchment lining protecting all these packs because the iron and phosphorus they contain might act on the tin and turn the meat dark. The meat of domestic crab is from the genuine Virginia soft shell and is flaky and grayish white. The meat of the Japanese crab is like lobster, pinkish, and from the appearance standpoint much preferable to native crab, which, however, has a distinctive and definite crab flavor.

Some lobster meat is white, if caught in clear water, while a catch from muddy bottom will give a grayish meat.

What is called "chicken lobster" is the most epicurean. Meat from the claws, the roe, lobster liver, lobster paste, may also be bought. Shrimps are packed wet, which is most suitable for a la Newburg dishes, and dry, most desirable for salad and cocktail uses. Perhaps the most choice meat is the peeled tail-meat of Southern shrimps.

A fish product which deserves wider use by the American housewife is canned fish balls of Scandinavian origin. These are very soft, delicate white balls made of the pounded flesh of fresh haddock, together with flour and spices. They are put up in an agreeable fish bouillon, and canned. One can contains about 20 balls, and serves a family of 6 at a most economical price.

Fish Roe may seem a tidbit in the small can, but if bought reasonably is a delicious breakfast or lunch dish, especially enjoyed by men. Codfish roe is quite as delectable as the more known Shad roe and costs much less. Sturgeon roe, highly salted and sold as a paste appetizer, has, of course, universal acceptance as caviar—a luxury either adored or despised.

Perhaps no single fish is capable of such infinite variety as the humble haddock. It is allied to the cod, very abundant, its flesh of the finest quality, white, meaty and thick. It is best during Winter months. It can be bought in cans, ready for instant use in au gratin dishes, creamed breakfast dishes, etc. Also, the epicure perhaps prefers it in its smoked form, when it is better known as "finnan haddie" (haddock) after the Scotch title which originated when the smoking or curing was done chiefly at the fishing village of Findon. This smoked haddock is sold split open, part of the backbone removed, skin and all, at any fish counter for those who prefer it instead of the canned pack.

Clams, clam broth, clam chowder, even down to its potatoes; or oysters and oyster-stew can now be selected by the inland housewife. In these items, great store should be set on the reputation of the packer.

The entire varied shelf of canned fish is one of the most important buying choices where the housewife needs to know her groceries.

Red Hate—by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 21)

he said by way of explanation. Then, as the servant handed him the camera, he became professionally busy.

The photograph was taken, and an elaborate description of the cabinet, the star attraction of this particular room, written down at the Comte's dictation.

After that, the tour of inspection continued until luncheon.

At the conclusion of the meal, at which the Comte proved a most attentive host, the visitor announced that perhaps it would be better for him to get back to Paris that day, and to return on another occasion, if necessary.

"You see, Comte," he stated, "I shall have to do this part of the article while the visit is fresh in my mind. Moreover, the photographs will have to be developed at once and sent to London."

The Comte nodded understandingly.

"There's a great deal more that you could have seen," he stated; "but no doubt, your space will be limited—isn't that what all you journalists say? In any case, I am quite sure you will be able to write a splendid article about my poor home."

Visitor and host parted on the most cordial of terms. It was not until the Comte, feeling very satisfied with himself, was lighting the second cigar of the day in his library, that his equanimity was disturbed by a visit from the major-domo.

"Monsieur le Comte," the man started; "I ask your pardon, but I think that Monsieur Edwards was an imposter."

The Comte sprang up.

"Hippolyte! What's this you say? An imposter?"

"Did you not notice, M. le Comte, how confused he was when I entered the room with the camera? He looked like a thief. He had been examining the lacquer cabinet."

"Well, of course he had," laughed the Comte in reply; "I told him to. What absurd suspicions you do get, Hippolyte!"

"Not absurd in this case, M. le Comte. Do you not know that your possessions are talked of among criminals? How do you know this man is what he says he is?"

"I'll soon find out, Hippolyte. Perhaps," and a slight frown shadowed his face, "you may be right. Certainly the man's attitude was somewhat strange. Wait!" The speaker went to a table and wrote rapidly on a telegram form.

"Have this sent off at once," he ordered.

"Yes, M. le Comte."

The answer to that telegram, which had been addressed to a famous firm of fine art auctioneers in London, arrived within the next hour.

It ran as follows:

NO ENGLISH PAPER CALLED "FAMOUS HOMES" PUBLISHED.
CURZIART, PICCY, LONDON.

This was the well-known telegraphic address of the famous firm, Curzon, Derwent & Co.

The Comte, acknowledging defeat, took counsel with his trusted servant.

"What do you think is at the back of this, Hippolyte?" he asked.

"Is the lacquer cabinet very valuable?"

"Not especially. Besides, the man, if he were a thief, could not have hoped to carry it away."

"Then," the major-domo lowered his voice, "then, M. le Comte, the cabinet must contain something of value. A secret drawer, perhaps."

"You have been reading romances, Hippolyte," gently scoffed his master.

"Give me a chance to prove that I am right," begged the servant.

"You can examine it thoroughly," said the Comte. The man, he knew, had a talent for taking furniture to pieces.

He then tried to dismiss the matter from his mind. He hated the evenness of his life to be disturbed in any way. The visitor was an imposter of some sort, but he had done no harm to the cabinet, so what did it matter?

Half an hour later, he went to the smaller drawing room.

At the foot of the lacquer cabinet was a sprawling figure.

It was Hippolyte.

And he was dead.

For fully a minute, the Compte looked down at the dead man, so stupefied that he was unable even to move.

Hippolyte, the personification of physical strength; the man stood nearly six feet, and was broad of shoulder. Hippolyte, who had served with such distinction in the War as a sergeant-major in one of the crack regiments of the Line...Hippolyte dead, with that look of horror on his stern, fine face.

It seemed inconceivable that such a thing should have occurred. What was the meaning of this ghastly riddle? When he had seen him but a short time before, the man was in his usual good health.

Recovering somewhat from this stunning blow, the Comte rang a bell, after placing a screen round the corpse.

A footman answered the summons.

"Edouard, when did you see Hippolyte last?"

The man stared.

"Now I come to think of it, M. le Comte," he said, "I have not seen Hippolyte for some little time. Did you want him?"

"Ring up the police, Edouard, and say that a terrible discovery has been made here."

The footman hurried away as though death was clamoring at his own heels.

The local Commissaire of Police, when he arrived a quarter-of-an-hour later, asked at once to see the body.

He took one look at the face he knew so well, and recoiled.

"It is not a case of suicide, you think, M. le Comte?"

The grief-stricken master negatived the suggestion impatiently.

"Most certainly not! Hippolyte had no troubles in his life—had he possessed any, he would have come to me with them, and I should have helped him. No, inconceivable as it is to me, I believe he was killed."

The commissaire reflected gravely.

"This is something big, M. le Comte," he said. "I will get on to Paris. The Surete will send their best detectives."

M. Levasseur, of the Surete, arrived within an hour. He looked more like a shabby Government clerk than a famous detective, but the local commissaire assured the Comte that Levasseur's reputation was known throughout France.

"He's a wonder, that man," he exclaimed, striking an attitude of admiration.

M. Levasseur's pale, insignificant face was a mask as he rose from making an exhaustive examination of the corpse.

"You say, M. le Comte, that it is your opinion this faithful servant has been murdered. Will you please give me your support for such a view?" was his first question.

Embellishing his narrative with every detail that remained in a retentive memory, the owner of the Chateau recounted the events of the day. He told of the letter he had received a few days before from the supposed special representative of "Famous Homes," of how he had sent an agreeable reply, of how the man himself had called at ten o'clock that morning, and of the tour they had made together of the Chateau.

"I had no suspicion myself of the man," he told the detective, "but my poor Hippolyte—" here grief choked him so that he could not continue for a moment—"came to me afterwards and said he thought the man was a thief. What connection that rogue, even had he been a thief, could have with this tragedy, I cannot conceive—that is your business."

Having asked the Comte for a full description of the man who called himself Edwards, the detective stooped once more over the body.

"You were undoubtedly right in your surmise," he announced. "This unfortunate man was indeed murdered. Look!" Stooping, he picked up the left hand of the dead man, and pointed to a puncture in the ball of the thumb.

"The weapon, whatever it was, entered here," he said."

The speaker turned swiftly.

"What was your servant doing in this room?"

"He was examining this cabinet. Somehow, he had the idea that this recent purchase of mine might possibly contain something of value—hidden away in a secret drawer. I remember laughing at the time and telling him that he had been reading romances—although poor Hippolyte read nothing more imaginative than the morning paper. His view was that this man, Edwards, had come to steal something from the cabinet."

"It's certainly an idea," admitted the detective.

He rose, and made a tentative examination of the piece of furniture.

"Nothing seems to have been disturbed, as you can see, M. le Comte. But that can wait. I'll get an expert from Paris. In the meantime, the cause of this poor fellow's death must be accurately ascertained. It will be necessary to hold an autopsy. It will take time, of course, but I will inform you immediately of the result of the findings. Meanwhile, would you care to have one or two officers sent out from Paris to prepare for any other unwelcome visitors?"

"That is for you to decide, M. Levasseur; for my own part, I think that when the news of Hippolyte's death has become known to the household they would give short shift to any burglar."

"Nevertheless, I think it would be advisable, M. le Comte," returned the detective.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Durb" and Destiny

—By—
DONALD A. KAHN

DURBIN, the telegraph editor, could take news off the wire, edit it to conform to the paper's policy, put it on a typewriter, hold a fairly coherent conversation with a casual visitor and smoke a corn-cob pipe, all at one and the same time.

One afternoon, as Durbin was taking and typing a column story on a three-legged calf born in Jasper township, and discussing, between paragraphs, the details of a local burglary with Jenks, the police reporter, Edison, the managing editor, stepped into the little coop that served for the telegraph editor's room and joined in the conversation.

"What's that you are taking?" he asked Durbin. "Anything for the 6 o'clock extra?"

"Three-legged calf born in Jasper township," he responded, between puffs.

"For heaven's sake, Durb, cut it!" objected Edison. "This is the fourth freak that correspondent has sent out this week. He must be hard up or crazy. Can't you give us something decent, Durb?"

"Of course," replied the telegrapher, sarcastically. "I don't receive the news; I just sit here and make it up as I go along."

During a lull on the wire Durbin chanced to glance above him to where part of a stereotype mat, a likeness of King Edward, patched a hole in the glass partition. The mat suggested to him the idea of fixing up a bogus message and roping Edison in on it. Just as the editor was ready to send it to the composing room, he would put him wise and enjoy a laugh.

The clicking of the telegraph receiver commenced once more. It was additional data on the three-legged calf.

"Hello!" he shouted to Edison. "Here you are—London cablegram says King Frederick of Graustark has kicked the bucket!"

"Just in time for the extra!" rejoiced the managing editor, biting like a fish. "Considerate of him."

Durb's imagination and the accompanying typewriter had just reached the matter of funeral arrangements when he was hurriedly called to the telephone by the copy boy.

"My house on fire!" screamed Durb, rushing from the phone. Grabbing his hat he was out the door and down the street before anyone could stop him.

"Let it go!" decreed Edison, glancing over Durb's copy. "We've got enough to fill a page anyway."

In an incredibly short time Durbin's fake on the death of the Danish monarch was set on the linotypes, cast by the sterotypers, and screwed to the presses. With pictures of the king, the story, red-inked, monopolized the entire first page of the extra edition.

Of course no other paper carried this "news." Durbin's story had all of its contemporaries "scooped." Edison congratulated himself on what he took to be the superiority of his telegraph and cable service. The entire edition, in the hands of the lively newsboys, sold out in a few moments.

"Just my chimney burned out," announced the telegraph editor, presently returning to the office. "Where's Jenks?"

"He left the same time you did," replied Edison. "Why?"

Durbin turned ghastly pale.

"Did he put you wise to that Frederick story?" he gasped.

"Sure, we got it—scooped 'em all," answered the managing editor. "Didn't you see the extra?"

"Great day!" moaned Durb. "You used that fluke!"

"The fire at his house put him on the blink," observed Barton, not unkindly.

Edison produced a flask and tried to force some whiskey between Durbin's resisting lips.

From the next room the telegraph instrument began to make a noise. Barton, noting Durbin's inability, ran to take charge of it. Presently he returned.

"What the deuce is the matter with our wire service?" he demanded of Edison. "They're sending out a cablegram again announcing Frederick's death. I suppose we'll learn, next week, that Columbus has discovered America."

Durbin, hearing the words, sat bolt upright in his chair and wiped beads of cold sweat from his brow. "Thank heaven," he exclaimed fervently.

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CATCH THOSE FIRST GRAY HAIRS —now

Mary T. Goldman Single Lock Test

Why hesitate? Mary T. Goldman's way is entirely SAFE. Just comb clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Youthful color comes. Nothing to rub or wash off.
We don't ask you to buy. We only ask that you convince yourself. Snip off a lock of hair. Test results first this safe way. You have nothing to lose. You take no risk.

FREE Complete Test Package. Prove to yourself what 3,000,000 women—and men, too—know . . . Use coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
6012 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ....
Color of your hair? ....

Advertisement.

Nothing Can Beat Ice-Mint

For Tired, Aching, Burning, Swollen Feet, Painful Corns and Callouses.

At last! Here is what every foot-sufferer has been looking for, Ice-Mint. A delightful, cooling, soothing, snow-white, creamy preparation, instantly takes the soreness out of painful corns and callouses and makes tired, aching, swollen, burning feet feel cool, easy and comfortable. No more foot misery. No more corns, painful callouses, foot odors or tired, aching, burning feet. Just try Ice-Mint once. It's grand! It's glorious! Its wonderful medicinal properties are obtained direct from Japan, where the women have the healthiest, best cared for feet in the world. No matter what you have tried or how may times you have been disappointed, Ice-Mint will give you "foot joy" such as you have never before dreamed of. New shoes or long hours of standing have no terrors for the friends of Ice-Mint. Get a small jar from your druggist today and learn for yourself what solid foot comfort really is.

"High Light YOUR EYES"

—urges Marion Nixon

"Many women have perfectly gorgeous eyes," says this lovely film star, "but they don't let others know it. That's because their eyes are not properly 'high lighted.'"

"I think a woman does her eyes an injustice by not 'high lighting' them when it's so easy with Delica-Brow lash-and-brow beautifier. The tiniest bit on lashes and brows will instantly give your eyes a sparkle you never dreamed they had."

Waterproof—Smartproof

Delica-Brow, the famous lash-and-brow dressing, does not burn or irritate the eyes, waterproof, too. One application lasts all day. In cake or liquid, black or brown, 75c.

Stiffness in neck muscles, with that aching, "pulling" pain, is promptly relieved by BAUME BENGUÉ (pronounced Ben-Gay).

Applied freely, rubbed in well, and covered with flannel, the powerful ingredients penetrate deeply into the tissues, lessening congestion, easing spasm, soothing irritated nerves, bringing rest and comfort. Good for every ache and pain. Insist upon the original.

"Ask for Ben-Gay"
Accept No Substitutes

Advertisement.

MRS. CARTER RETURNS FROM NEW YORK WITH WAY TO DARKEN HAIR

Gray Disappears Overnight

"What shall I do, my hair is getting gray?" I recommend only one preparation and I've tried them all. It's an improved formula made from that wonderful old recipe of sage tea and sulphur. It's easy to use. Gray disappears overnight. And after two or three applications hair is restored to the exact shade you want, so evenly, so naturally, nobody'll ever know. Just pay your druggist 75c for a large bottle of Wyeth's Sage & Sulphur and follow the simple directions.

Now! a Lip Rouge That Lasts *All Day!*

A French Discovery that Takes the Bother Out of Make-up. No Caking, No Drying, No Unsightly "Lipstick Line" —You Make up But Twice a Day Instead of Every Hour!

A WAY has been found that not only gives a perfect lip make-up quicker and easier than any way known before, but that *HOLDS* perfectly *all day long*. Instead of making-up every hour, you make up only once or twice a day!

It's a French idea, of course. And in both France and America it is rapidly changing present ways of make-up.

The creation of Louis Philippe, temperamental colourist, whom all of Paris follows in the art of make-up, it banishes all smearing, all caking and drying and *ends completely* the unsightly "lipstick line" most women complain of a few minutes after making up.

Louis Philippe, temperamental French colourist, who has made make-up an art and about whom all Paris is talking.

WHAT IT IS

It is called *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* and comes as probably the nearest thing to a *permanent* make-up yet discovered. It is different from any American rouge you have ever seen, though its form is the same.

You can use it, too, on BOTH LIPS AND CHEEKS. And thus gain a color harmony that's amazing in contrast to using separate lipstick and rouge—both, invariably, of different color.

Thus you gain the PERFECT Parisian make-up of today. *And—it lasts for hours.*

No more annoyance of constant making up. No uneven make-up. No caking, no smearing—and so exquisitely smooth that you cannot even feel it.

You make up once a day instead of every hour with the same Angelus shade for both lips and cheeks, and achieve the new natural effect that is so smart.

COMES IN TWO FORMS

All department and drug stores have it now under the name of *Angelus Rouge Incarnat* in two forms: Ordinary lipstick form, and in the charming "Little Red Box." Most women prefer the box. 9 different colors. Same price as American rouges.

Angelus
Rouge Incarnat
Louis Philippe, Inc.

Resinol
Quickly Heals Embarrassing
Skin Eruptions

Often overnight this soothing ointment causes an ugly pimple, bit of rash, or roughness to disappear. Even for more serious or stubborn skin disorders Resinol has proved to possess almost startling powers of relief and healing. *Sold by all druggists.*

Sample sent free. Write to Resinol, Department X-13, Baltimore, Md.

How would you like to know
Hollywood's
Make-Up
Secret?

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful Than You Really Are?

LAURA LA PLANTE
Universal Star

"I am sure that you will be as successful in winning the affection of the public with your cosmetics as you have for many years those of the stage and screen."

JEANETTE LOFF
Pathe Star, and Max Factor, Filmland's Genius of Make-Up

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, reveals the Secret, and offers you a priceless Beauty Gift. See coupon below.

HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret... a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every women. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Blonde, Brunette or Redhead?

"Cosmetics—powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials—must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and redheads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures... millions of feet of film... have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars ...Laura La Plante, Jeanette Loff, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and many others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now, Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery . . . cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood . . . and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Amazing Book Free

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail the coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony... FREE. You'll also receive his book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

Max Factor's *Society* Make-Up
"Cosmetics of the Stars"—HOLLYWOOD
MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 18-125-15
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up", personal complexion analysis, and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	COLOR OF EYES	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	COLOR OF LASHES	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	COLOR OF HAIR	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	AGE	Normal
Olive	Answer in spaces with check mark	

Name
Address
City State

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY
Breakfast
Fruit,
Cereal,
Scrambled Eggs,
Muffins,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Emergency Chowder (Left-Over),
Graham Rolls,
Fruit Whip,
Tea.
Dinner
Baked Picnic Ham
Horseradish Sauce,
Buttered Spinach,
Paprika Potatoes,
Lettuce Salad,
California Dressing,
Hot Gingerbread with Coffee Cream.

TUESDAY
Breakfast
Prunes,
Cereal,
Corn Oysters,
Toasted (Left-Over) Muffins,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Italian Macaroni,
Favorite Fruit Salad,
French Rolls,
Tea.
Dinner
Casserole of Left-Over Ham and Potatoes,
Buttered Cauliflower,
Tomato Jelly Salad,
Favorite Dressing,
Steamed Sweet Potato Pudding.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice,
Oatmeal,
Toast,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Clam Chowder,
Crackers,
Jellied Pineapple Salad (Juice with Grated Carrots),
Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner
Broiled Beef Balls, Broiled Pineapple,
Baked Sweet Potatoes,
Croquettes,
Shredded Raw Cabbage Salad,
Sour Cream Dressing,
Apple Pie.

THURSDAY
Breakfast
Stewed Dried Apricots,
Broiled Bacon,
Soft Cooked Eggs,
Corn Muffins,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Orange Juice,
Cheese Fondue,
Quick Rolls,
Hermits or Date Bars,
Russian Tea.
Dinner
Potatoes in Casserole,
Buttered Swiss Chard with Hard Cooked Egg Garnish,
Grated Raw Carrot Salad,
Fruit Trifle.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Canned Tomato Juice or Fruit,
Scrambled Eggs,
Muffins,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Salad of Raw Vegetables,
Corn Bread Sticks,
Cocoa.
Dinner
Fruit Cocktail,
Broiled Fillets of Cod,
Parsley Potatoes or Macaroni,
Buttered Asparagus,
Upside Down Pineapple Cake.

SATURDAY
Breakfast
Fruit,
Rolled Omelet,
Graham Rolls,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Creamed Dried Beef,
Baked Potatoes,
Fruit Cup,
Cookies,
Tea.
Dinner
Irish Stew,
Paprika Baking Powder Biscuit,
Lettuce and Philadelphia Relish,
French Dressing,
Mystery Corn Starch Pudding (Caramel Chocolate).

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Stewed Dried Figs,
Fluffy Omelet,
Bacon,
Toast,
Coffee.
Dinner (Company)
Grape Juice Cocktail,
Roast Beef,
Brown Gravy,
Browned Potatoes,
Buttered Salsify,
Waldorf Salad,
Coffee Souffle.
Supper
Sunday Night Supper Salad,
Graham Bread,
Fruit Whip,
Favorite Layer Cake or Date Bars.

Suggestions for Emergencies

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fruit Gelatin (For 100).

DISSOLVE 1 large package quick setting lemon gelatin and 1 large package quick setting orange gelatin in 4 quarts cold water. When mixture begins to congeal add any desired sliced or shredded fruit. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Coffee Cream.

ADD 3 tablespoons coffee to ⅓ cup milk and scald. Let stand 10 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. Chill. Beat 1 cup cream until stiff, adding 2 tablespoons sifted powdered sugar and the chilled coffee mixture gradually. Mix well and flavor with ¼ teaspoon vanilla. This may be used as a cake filling if it is to be used immediately.

Broccoli on Toast.

PICK over and wash 1 bunch broccoli. Scrape if necessary. Cook in boiling salted water until tender. Cut into individual servings and arrange on 6 or 8 slices of toast. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice and 2 sifted hard cooked eggs to 2 cups well seasoned white sauce. Pour over the broccoli. Serve immediately.

Luncheon Carrots.

COOK 1 quart diced carrots in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well. Add 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped pimientoes and, if desired, 2 teaspoons finely chopped parsley, to 2 cups of well seasoned white sauce. Pour over the carrots. Serve immediately.

Vegetable Souffle.

TO 3 well beaten egg yolks add 2 cups well seasoned white sauce. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice and 1 cup cooked vegetable pulp (pressed through potato ricer or sieve) and when well mixed fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a buttered baking dish. Set in a pan of hot water and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees, for 45 minutes.

Steamed Sweet Potato Pudding.

MIX and sift 1½ cups pastry flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon, each, cloves, allspice and cinnamon and ⅛ teaspoon salt. Mix ⅓ cup strained orange juice with ¼ cup melted butter and 1 well beaten egg. Combine with the dry ingredients. Add ½ cup warm mashed sweet potato. Add ⅓ cup raisins, ⅓ cup broken pecan meats and mix thoroughly. Fold in 1½ ounces chocolate, melted over hot water. Pour into large greased mold, cover closely and steam 2½ hours. Serve warm with cream, slightly sweetened and flavored with a suggestion of nutmeg.

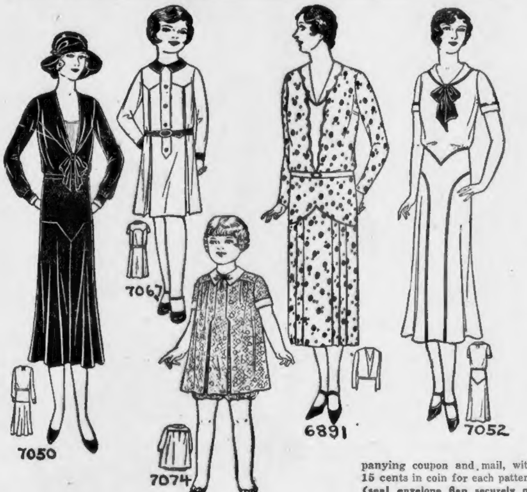
Economy Beans.

SOAK 1½ cups dried lima beans over night in cold water. Drain and cover with boiling water. Add 1 sliced onion and simmer until tender. Drain, add ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup shredded celery, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1 cup thick tomato soup, ½ cup water or stock, 2 tablespoons melted fat, a few grains pepper and salt to taste. Pour into a greased casserole, sprinkle with ⅓ cup buttered bread crumbs and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 degrees, for about ½ an hour. Garnish with a crisp sprig of parsley.

Gingerbread with Coffee Cream.

MIX ¾ cup brown sugar, ¾ cup black molasses and ¾ cup melted shortening. Add 2 well beaten eggs. Mix and sift 2¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons soda, 2 teaspoons ginger, 1½ teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves, ⅓ teaspoon nutmeg and ⅛ teaspoon baking powder. Add to the first mixture, beating thoroughly. Add 1 cup boiling water and beat vigorously. Turn into a buttered shallow pan and bake in a moderately hot oven, or at 350 degrees, for 30 or 40 minutes. Serve warm with coffee cream.

American Weekly Patterns



A STYLISH AFTERNOON DRESS (7050). Designed in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years for misses, and in 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure for ladies. A 38-inch size will require 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material. For contrasting material, ½ yard 27 inches wide is required.

A SERVICEABLE SCHOOL FROCK (7067). Designed in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It will require 2¾ yards of 35-inch material for an 8-year size if made with wrist length sleeves. With short sleeves, 2½ yards. For contrasting material, ⅜ yard is required, cut crosswise.

A PLEASING MORNING DRESS FOR MATURE FIGURES (6891). Designed in 8 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 4⅞ yards of 39-inch material. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard, cut crosswise.

A SIMPLE FROCK WITH BLOOMERS FOR PLAY OR SCHOOL HOURS (7074). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 4-year size will require 2¾ yards 35 inches wide for dress with long sleeves and bloomers. Contrasting material requires ¼ yard, cut crosswise.

A BECOMING FROCK FOR DAYTIME WEAR (7052). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It will require 3½ yards of 39-inch material for a 38-inch size.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 15 cents in coin for each pattern **(seal envelope flap securely on all edges)**, to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

7050......Years	6891.......Bust
7050.......Bust	7074......Years
7067......Years	7052.......Bust

Name ....
St. & No. ....
City & State..............................

Send 10 cents in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1930-1931 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

A turn of the handle, *at the top*, wrings the cloth while you stand erect

A boon to women who do their own housework

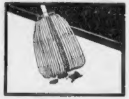
... already proved in over 2 million homes

MODERN women have found a way to clean their floors more easily—and still keep their hands soft, fresh and white. They have discovered the Betty Bright self-wringing Mop.

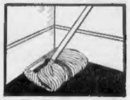
When you use a Betty Bright, your hands stay dry—they never touch the dirty water. Naturally, you can use scalding suds, and do the work faster—and better.

Betty Bright goes into corners, under radiators, along the baseboard—without splashing or streaking. Its broad, firm "nose" scrapes up stubborn spots. The specially-treated cloth is doubly absorbent—and can be easily replaced.

If your dealer can't supply you with a Betty Bright, use the coupon below, enclose one dollar, and we will send you a mop complete.



Scrapes up stubborn spots



Gets into corners

Cleans around table legs

BETTY BRIGHT
SELF-WRINGING MOP $1.00 COMPLETE

PARKER-REGAN CORP., Dept. 11, Woodland & Railroad Ave., Warren, Ohio; or 593 Market St., San Francisco, California.
Please send me a Betty Bright self-wringing Mop complete: I enclose $1 (money order, currency or check).
Name *Street*
City *State*

New Charm for Your Home

Beautiful Modern Things *easily Yours* the LARKIN WAY

WOULD you like to make home lovely . . . *and without extra cost* beyond your daily living expense? Just think! occasional chairs, smart and comfortable . . . modish tables . . . artistic scatter rugs . . . colorful lamps, and ever so many Premiums, are awaiting you to make your home more adorable.

LARKIN *Quality* PRODUCTS

In the new Larkin Catalog you may see these Premiums and acquaint yourself with quality Larkin Products... Products you buy daily... but when purchased *the Larkin way* bring you lovely things as your factory-to-family saving.

Put your spare time to work! Start a Larkin Club of your own among friends and relatives. As a Larkin Club Secretary, you will be richly rewarded. The coupon below brings your Larkin Catalog and information on how to start a Club.

FREE

The new, valuable LARKIN CATALOG is yours for the asking. See the 1600 worth-while Premiums that can be yours easily.

Mail the Coupon To-day!

Larkin Co Inc. Buffalo, N. Y. Peoria, Ill. Dept. J. Phila., Pa.
Please send me the new Larkin Catalog showing over 1600 Larkin Premiums.
Name ....
St. & No. ....
P. O. .... State.........

RUN ALONG NOW, CHILDREN ... MOTHER'S BUSY
AW, GEE, I HATE WASHDAY! YOU NEVER HAVE TIME FOR ANYTHING

THE KIDDIES WANTED ME TO READ THEM A STORY, BUT I'M ONLY HALF THROUGH WITH THE WASH
WHY, IRMA, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN FINISHED BY NOW IF YOU USED RINSO. IT SAVES ALL SCRUBBING AND BOILING

NEXT WASHDAY
WELL! I NEVER SAW SUCH A SNOWY WASH! RINSO'S A MARVELOUS WORK SAVER. IT SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN. I'LL NEVER SCRUB AGAIN

AND

(Millions use Rinso. Thousands write us letters like this.)

"Such rich, safe suds!" says Mrs. Florence Young of Cambridge

"I can't imagine using anything but Rinso in my washer. It whips into rich, safe suds so quickly—loosens every particle of dirt—and rinses out again in a flash. It saves lots of work, and gets the clothes much whiter. I like it for dishes, too. My, how it loosens grease!"

MRS. FLORENCE A. YOUNG,
11 Walden St., Cambridge, Mass.

Safe suds—wonderful in washers

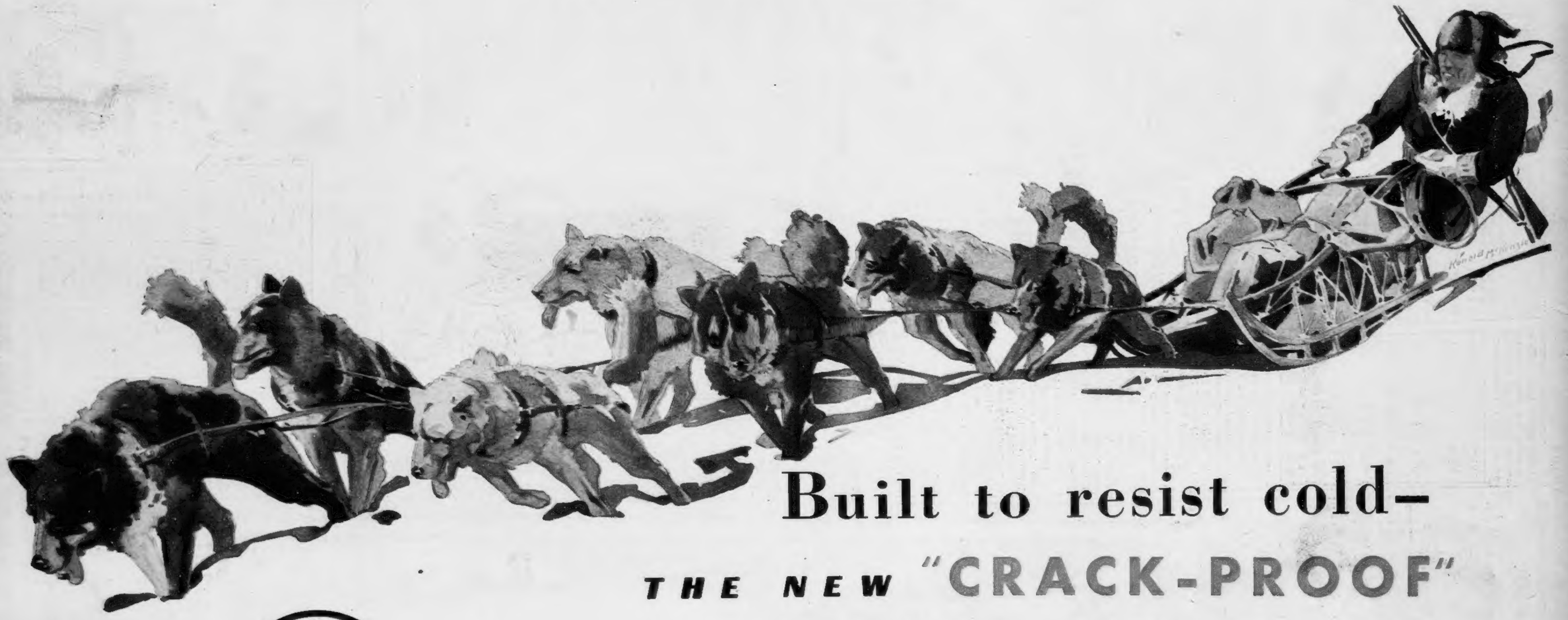
Rinso is safe for the finest cottons and linens. The best laundries use it. Its creamy suds wash white clothes *whiter*—colored clothes *brighter*.

Great in washers, too; the makers of 39 famous washers recommend it. *Economical.* Gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Get the BIG package.

[**TUNE IN** on Rinso Talkies, "What Happened to Jane." Tues. & Thurs., 5:30 P. M., Station WEEI-WCSH-WTIC.]

THE GRANULATED SOAP
Rinso
for whiter washes

Millions use it in tub, washer and dishpan



Built to resist cold–

THE NEW "CRACK-PROOF" TEXACO MOTOR OIL

TEXACO
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Make this winter test yourself

Take a bottle of the new crack-proof Texaco Golden Motor Oil and let it stand outdoors some cold night. In the morning invert the bottle. Watch the bubble rise. Notice how freely the clear golden oil flows. The new crack-proof Texaco flows freely when less properly refined oils are thickened hard as grease by cold. Texaco is made to resist cold. It is "frost-proof" as well as crack-proof.

Like the huskies of the far north this new crack-proof Texaco is built to resist cold. At the first command of the driver this remarkable new oil leaps into action. It is alert and free-flowing even under extremes of winter weather that quickly put less hardy oils to sleep.

Oils not specifically refined to resist cold take a heavy toll in engine wear each winter. The paraffin wax congeals. The "oil" becomes thick as grease. Crankshafts and pistons must plow through a clinging, non-fluid mass – metal grates against unprotected metal – till the congealed oil is thawed out by the very heat and friction it is supposed to prevent.

The new crack-proof Texaco is a perfect cold-weather oil. It is free from paraffin wax – free from cold-sensitive impurities. "Frost-proof" as well as crack-proof, it delivers more miles per quart and more effective lubrication under every driving condition, hot or cold.

This winter give your car complete protection. Drive in where you see the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Fill your crankcase with the correct grade of this new crack-proof Texaco Motor Oil – then listen to the sweeter sound of your quieter engine.

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

"CRACK-PROOF," LONGER LASTING

THE TEXAS COMPANY
Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

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